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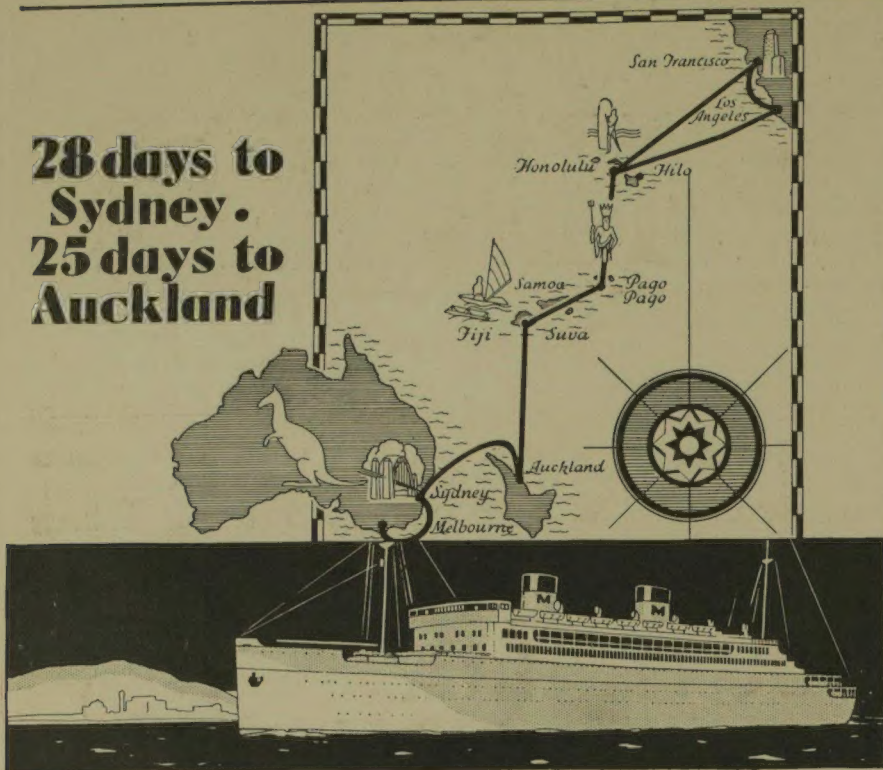
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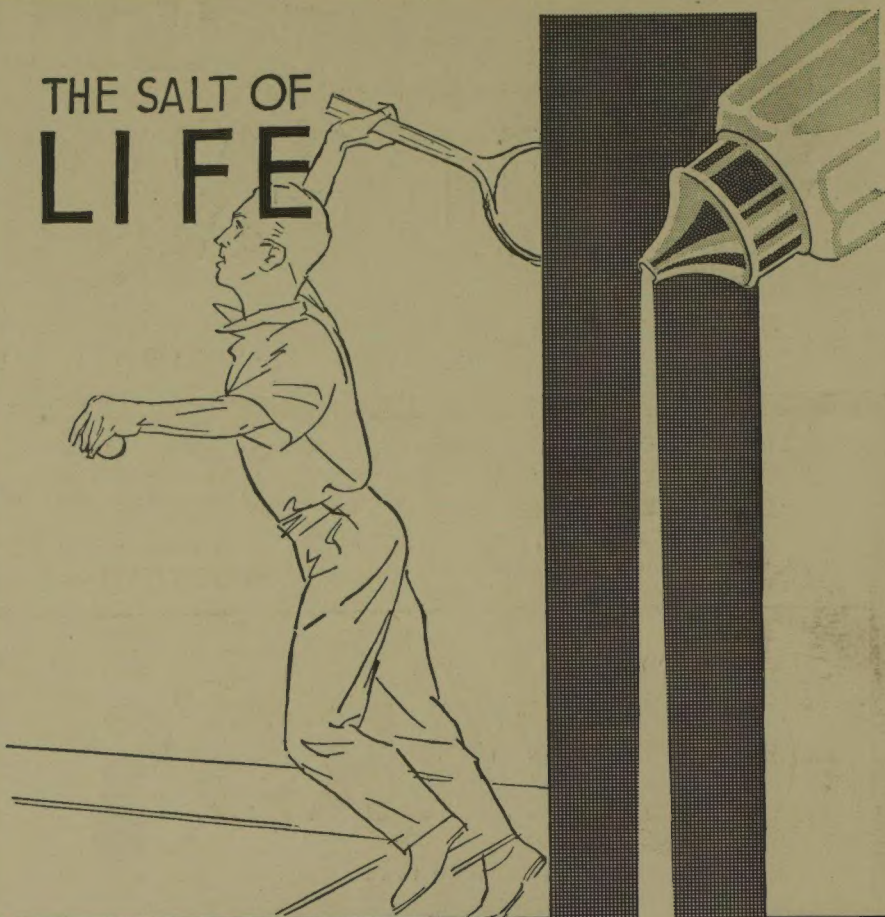
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1932.



A BONGO—RAREST OF ANTELOPES, AND NEVER SEEN ALIVE IN EUROPE—A YOUNG FEMALE RECENTLY CAPTURED IN THE MOUNTAIN FORESTS OF KENYA.

The capture of a living bongo, that rarest of East African antelopes, of which no living specimen has yet been seen in Europe, is an event of exceptional interest. In an article with further photographs given on two succeeding pages in this number, Colonel Percy-Smith describes how, after great difficulties and vicissitudes, he succeeded in snaring the beautiful creature shown above, in the forests of the Aberdare Mountains, half-way between the Great Rift Valley and Mount Kenya—

the famous mountain illustrated in colour on another page, after a photograph by Mr. Marcuswell Maxwell. This bongo is a young female, and has been named Doreen. Colonel Percy-Smith describes her brilliant chestnut colour and curious striped markings, with a thick ridge of hair along the spine. When her capture was announced, in June, it was stated that he hoped to obtain for the "Zoo" a giant forest hog, and an okapi from the Ituri forest of the Congo.

PHOTOGRAPH EXCLUSIVE TO "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS." (WORLD COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.)

"In the course of a fairly adventurous life," writes Colonel E. Percy-Smith, "I have been fortunate enough to secure, at different times, a good deal of big-game shooting and of specimen-collecting for various museums. My interest in wild animals, thus aroused, has continued to grow; but I find, as so many other shikaris have done, that my desire to kill them has vanished in proportion. And so it came about that I thought of attempting the capture of some



THE ONLY FORM IN WHICH THE ANIMAL IS AT PRESENT KNOWN IN ENGLAND: A MOUNTED SPECIMEN OF A BONGO (*BOCERCUS EURYCERUS*), 4 FT. 4 IN. HIGH AT THE SHOULDER, IN THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM AT SOUTH KENSINGTON. PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM (NATURAL HISTORY DEPARTMENT).

really rare creature, which had never as yet been seen in Europe. For that reason it could be readily disposed of, and my hobby would then, to some extent, be self-supporting—no small consideration in these hard and uncertain times.

"I had known Kenya Colony well for many years, and enjoyed in the past much kindness from my many good friends there. This fact, with its unique facilities for big game and the possession of a delightful climate, combined to make it the most suitable country under the British flag for my purposes. And once Kenya

was decided upon, the bongo inevitably became the object of my quest. The rarest, as it is almost the largest, of East African antelopes, it has its home in the dense mountain forests, at the height of some nine thousand feet or so. Its horns make a massive and yet gracefully spiralled trophy. It has a brilliant chestnut coat, with curiously striped markings; in short, a beautiful and imposing creature, entirely belieing its uncouth zoological appellation, '*Bocercus Isaacii*.'

"As the animal lives in the thickest forest, where a noiseless approach is well-nigh impossible, and is endowed as well with a hearing uncannily acute, one cannot wonder if it is rare even to catch a glimpse of it. How much more difficult,

then, was the problem of catching one alive and unharmed, and that within the limits imposed by the Game Laws, which rightly prohibit such cruel, if effective, methods as running wild game down with dogs, or

snaring them in promiscuous pits? The forest terrain also put out of the question the idea of driving them into nets. I decided, therefore, to attempt two methods; the first and more promising to build a stockade round a favourite salt-lick, at the edge of the forest, to which their fondness for this delicacy would, I felt sure, inevitably attract the bongo; the second, to set nooses at a suitable height along some trails that they were wont to frequent. Knowledgeable

THE QUEST OF THE BONGO

Photographs (except the upper left one) Exclusive to "The (See also illustration on

imposing massif of Mount Kenya itself. Thither, after collecting my safari in Nairobi, a routine proceeding which is as familiar to the general reader nowadays as its Swahili name, I proceeded by motor-car, and very easily covered the 150 miles in a couple of days.

"I was fortunate enough to find an ideal site for my



standing camp, seven thousand five hundred feet above sea-level, a most beautiful spot on the edge of the forest, with wonderful perspectives overlooking the game-haunted plains, which stretch away towards the snow-clad summit of Mount Kenya in the far distance.

"Now the bongo possesses this curious and almost human idiosyncrasy—that he intensely dislikes the perpetual drip from the sodden leaves on his coat during the rainy season, and tends, therefore, at such times to come out into the more open country; it was on this trait that I had founded my hopes. But to succeed it was clearly essential that my preparations should be completed before the advent of the rains, and the construction of a solid log stockade, nearly 200 yards in circumference and 9 feet in height, and that by the aid of raw native labour only, was clearly no light task. Incessant work, however, enabled me to complete it within two months, and, had the rains been normal, I should have had time sufficient for my purposes; but alas! these largely failed, and when I was ready for the bongo they had long since reverted to their usual haunts in the heart of the jungle; my labours were utterly wasted.

"There still remained, however, the noosing

A RARE ANTELOPE TAKEN ALIVE.

Illustrated London News. (World Copyright Strictly Reserved.) the Front Page preceding.)

of the game trails. Large stout posts were driven deep into the ground alongside the well-worn tracks, and to them I attached a stout rope. The end, looped and terminating in a slip knot, hung suspended right in the fairway from small forked branches specially planted on either side, and the whole device was carefully concealed beneath cut bush and creepers.

"For this scheme the omens seemed slightly more favourable. True, I had never actually achieved success, but I had come within measurable distance of it several times. On one occasion a fine specimen had his head almost within the

camp, and then at once transferred her to a darkened loose-box, within a roomy stockaded enclosure, so that she might rest quietly awhile, and gradually accustom herself to the sight, sound, and smell of mankind.

"Now, at last, it seemed right to celebrate success with a few friends who had forgotten to offer congratulations. I had carefully kept, against such an occasion, a last bottle of champagne, thinking perhaps to break it over my capture for luck at the start of her new voyage in life. But when it came to the point I feared that it might alarm her, and, anyway, it would be a sinful waste of good liquor

dozen natives, to rope and put her bodily into the back of my big 7-seater tourist, from which I had previously removed the back seats and leather-work. Thus we got her safely to

"The next step towards weaning her was achieved when she began to drink milk direct from a basin; for, of course, like all antelopes, she was already accustomed from her earliest days to graze as well. She is now at a most attractive stage; has little fear of human beings, and will allow herself to be stroked and handled without difficulty.

"It is a perpetual interest to be able to study this most attractive creature at close quarters, and to admire the gorgeous chestnut hue; the unexpected thick ridge of hair running along the spine—nature's protection and warning against the overhanging boughs of her natural haunts; and the white transverse stripings of the coat, all the more curious because, for some mysterious reason, there is one less on one side than on the other. But there, her fascinations have no end—at least, for me.

"Photographs can give no conception of the wonderful colouring; but her markings, shape, the



"A BEAUTIFUL AND IMPOSING CREATURE," WITH BRILLIANT CHESTNUT COAT AND CURIOUSLY STRIPED TRANSVERSE MARKINGS: THE YOUNG FEMALE BONGO, CAUGHT IN THE MOUNTAIN FORESTS OF KENYA, AND REMARKABLY DOCILE IN CAPTIVITY.

noose, when his eagle eye must have noticed the rope as of a slightly different tinge to the camouflage of creepers, and if an instant he was off; a vivid example, this, of the difficulties by which the hunter is perpetually confronted. Still I persevered; the most likely trails were daily beset, and duly visited the next morning by natives whom I had carefully trained.

"At last—one never-to-be-forgotten moment—I was aroused at crack of dawn by a great hubbub in camp. The scout had hurried in to report that a bongo had been snared. My luck was in at last. In the thrill of success it seemed no time before I had covered the mile which intervened, and there, sure enough, to my intense relief and delight, I saw a most beautiful half-grown female bongo securely held round the neck. Fortunately, she did not show so much fear as I had anticipated; I was able to approach her without undue difficulty, and, with the help of a

in the heart of Africa. So, though 'Doreen,' as I had decided to call her, was not formally christened, at least her health was well and truly drunk, with musical honours.

"I had expected to have to keep her in this semi-darkness for several days at least, but so unexpectedly docile did she prove to be that I was able to move her the very next day out into the encircling enclosure, and here she found waiting for her a cow and calf to serve as foster-mother and boy-friend. 'Doreen's' education proceeded apace. I had some difficulty in persuading her to suck from the cow, and she had to be held down to the udders at the start, but once she had got the trick no more compulsion was necessary; indeed she was soon trying to get more than her fair ration, to the disadvantage of the calf, who took his meals at the same time on the fifty-fifty basis.

curiously low carriage of the head, and the generally graceful appearance are reproduced with wonderful fidelity, and they clearly show what a bongo is really like at last.

"My story is only half-finished. Sooner or later will come the difficult journey by rail or car over the hundreds of miles that separate us from the coast. Next, the long sea journey must be faced, and lastly, saddest of all, the inevitable parting when I leave her at her new home in some Zoological Gardens—Whipsnade, may be—who can tell?

"She, I am sure, will settle down in comfort and security, and be happy, free at last from the perpetual fear of attack by a pack of ruthless wild dogs or a prowling leopard. As for me, it will be a long time before I forget the enjoyable and interesting time spent in the 'Quest of the Bongo.'



COLONEL PERCY-SMITH'S CAPTIVE BONGO, SUCKLED BY A COW SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH A CALF (WHOSE FORE-FEET APPEAR BENEATH THE BONGO'S HEAD), AND TRYING TO GET "MORE THAN HER FAIR RATION": AN INTERESTING EXAMPLE OF FOSTER-MOTHERHOOD.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I REMARKED recently that Romanticism is being criticised as if it were a very ancient thing; whereas it is really a very recent thing, and especially a very revolutionary thing. It was the very latest Revolt of the Young, previous to the Revolt of the Young which now attacks it. Of course, there is a difference between Romanticism and Romance. Romance, in its healthiest sense, is as old as the world; and even in a more special sense it is inspired by that particular intensity of colouring and pointed energy of outline which belonged to the shields, the windows, and the pennons of mediævalism. Mediæval romance, which was a sort of pattern for modern romance, came from the vividness of visionary or spiritual experience leaving a sort of glamour or glory around all experience. But it did throw that coloured light especially on the experience of love, and, in some sense, modelled romance on religion; as Chaucer called the legendary lovers The Saints of Cupid. In that sense we may say that romance belonged to the Middle Ages; and in a deeper sense that it belonged to any ages. Romanticism, however, was a particular modern movement, and it was in most ways particularly modern.

It was akin to Feminism, in what is now called "putting Woman upon a pedestal." It was also akin to ideal democracy; which might well be called "putting Man upon a pedestal." Indeed, there is a curious and illuminating historical parallel between these two ideas that seemed both new and true in the nineteenth century. I am far from saying they are not true merely because they are no longer new. I have a great deal of sympathy with both of them. I am merely noting the historical fact that, if they are not new, they were very recently regarded as new. The Republican who wore the Red Cap talked, if not as if there had never been any Republicans in the past, at least as if there were going to be nothing else except Republicans in the future. The Romantic who wore the Red Waistcoat talked as if the old world had been imprisoned in Classicism and the new world would be thrown open only to Romanticism. Each believed himself to be an extremist; but each was, in fact, a moderate who had only reached the middle of his own road, and had no real idea to what extreme it would lead. Each was a bridge hung between two ages. Each was bringing with him a living thing out of the old world, which could only perish in the new.

For one very simple thing was true both of Love and Liberty: the gods of the Romantics and the Republicans. They were both simply fragments of Christian mysticism, and even of Christian theology,

torn out of their proper place, flung loosely about and finally hurled forward into an age of hard materialism which instantly destroyed them. They were not really rational ideas, still less rationalistic ideas. At least, they were never rational ideas after they had left off being religious ideas. One of them was a hazy human exaggeration of the sacramental idea of marriage. The other was a hazy human exaggeration of the brotherhood of men in God. When the Romantic laid his hand on his Red Waistcoat, and swore to George Sand or some other lady that their souls were two affinities wedded before the world was made, he was drawing on the Christian capital of the old ideas of immortality and sanctity. When he explained to his mistress in his garret the delicacy and dignity of cutting her throat and his own, and called it "the world well lost for love," he was really appealing to the old tradition of the martyr and the ascetic, who

loyalty. He might not admit that there was a sacred bond between Guinevere and Arthur; but he could not write at all without assuming that there was a sacred bond between Guinevere and Lancelot. The later sex writers would refuse to admit that there is any sacred bond between anybody and anybody else. The truth is that this mystical feeling about the love of man and woman was treated so clumsily that it fell between two stools. When it was really mediæval, it could be preserved for ever in a story like that of Dante and Beatrice. When it was really modern, it simply fell to pieces, into little decaying scraps rather like wriggling worms, the hundred little loves and lusts of the modern sex novel. But the Romantics of the nineteenth century held it up in a sort of indeterminate pre-eminence; a dizzy and toppling idolatry; trying to make it at once as sacred as they thought good and as free as they found convenient. They

wanted to eat their wedding-cake and have it. They wanted to make their wild wedding sacred without making it secure. They did put woman upon a pedestal; but they did not look to see if it was a solid pedestal.

Now, oddly enough, it was the same with Liberty as with Love. It was the same with the democratic ideal of political freedom for all. And Democracy is being criticised just now for exactly the same reason that Romance is being criticised just now. It is that all the sense there ever was in either of them rested on a religious idea. The nineteenth century took away the religious idea and left a sense that rapidly turned into nonsense. All men are equal because God loves all equally; and nothing can compare with that equality. But in what other way are men equal? The vague Liberals of the nineteenth century cut away the Divine ground from under Democracy, and Democracy was left to stand by itself.

In other words, it is left to fall by itself. Jefferson said that men were given equal rights by their Creator. Ingersoll said they had no Creator, but had received equal rights from nowhere. Even in the democratic atmosphere of America, it began to dawn on a great many people that it is very difficult to prove that men ever received the equal rights at all. In short, the Republican theory will turn out to be another form of Romance; and will be classed with the illusion of the too idealistic lover unless it can be reconnected with the positive beliefs from which it was originally borrowed. The Red Cap will follow the Red Waistcoat into the old clothes' shop unless it can be made something more than a fashion, or dipped in that enduring dye that coloured the red roses of St. Dorothy or the red cross of St. George.



THE TREASURE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: ONE OF THE EARLIEST REPRESENTATIONS OF POLO, AS PLAYED BY MONGOLS ON TARTAR PONIES—A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY CHINESE PAINTING.

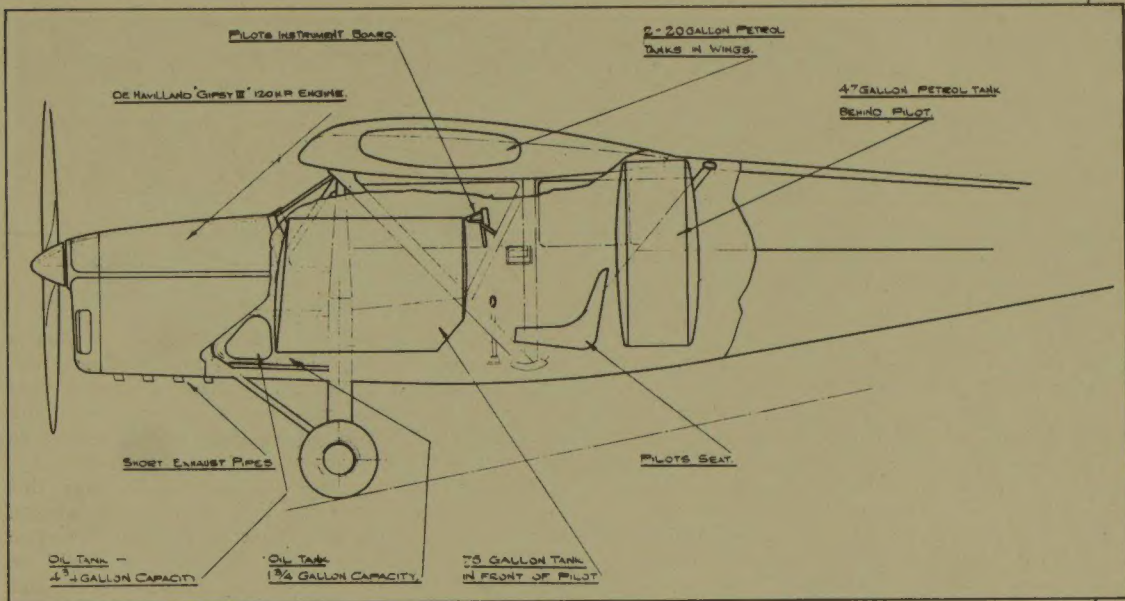
It is thought that the practice of painting continuous pictures on a long roll of silk in the Far East is derived from the long friezes appropriate to palace walls. Whatever its origin, the rolled picture, or *chuan* (the equivalent of the Japanese *makimono*), is the most frequent form of Chinese painting. The present example, representing a game of polo played with a small ball and very slender sticks, is interesting for the beauty of its colour, the vigour of its calligraphic line, and the cinematographic effect obtained by increasing the vigour of the represented movement as the scroll is unrolled from right to left. It has great importance, moreover, as being one of the earliest representations of the game of polo, as played by Mongol riders on Tartar ponies. The painting can be approximately dated in the late fifteenth or early sixteenth century. It is probably based on an original of the Yüan Dynasty (1280-1368), when China was under Mongol rule, before the establishment of the native dynasty of the Ming. Some of the impressed seals of ownership are early, but the name of the artist, Li Lin, has probably been added later. The painting was bought for £150 in 1910. It measures 11 in. by 36 in.

Photograph by Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum. (Crown Copyright Reserved.)

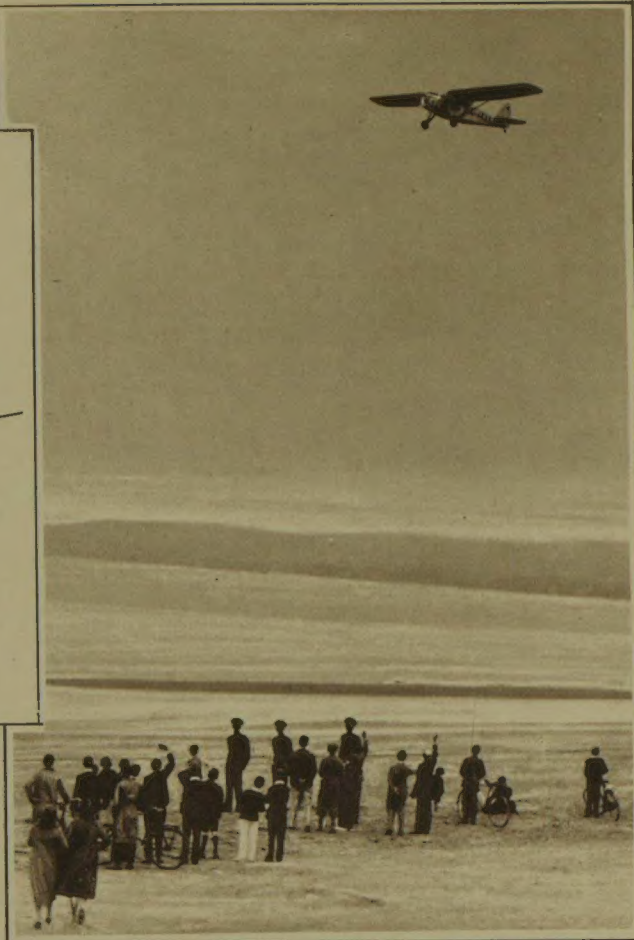
lost the world to save his soul. He was not, in any very exact sense of the word, talking sense. He was not uttering purely rational remarks; certainly not remarks that our more rationalistic generation would call rational. Often, when he had done himself particularly well with champagne and old brandy, he would let the cat out of the bag rather badly by calling the *blanchisseuse* or the artist's model "his bride in the sight of God."

Anyhow, he could not make the sort of appeals to deific faith or demoniac jealousy, which constituted the vigorous love poetry of the age of Hugo and Alfred de Musset, without implying an immortal significance in passion, which the modern realists refuse to see in mere appetite. He could not so praise love without also praising

THE FIRST SOLO EAST-TO-WEST ATLANTIC FLIGHT: MR. J. A. MOLLISON'S UNIQUE ACHIEVEMENT IN A LIGHT AEROPLANE.



DETAIL OF MR. MOLLISON'S LITTLE 120-H.P. DE HAVILLAND PUSS MOTH AEROPLANE IN WHICH HE CROSSED THE ATLANTIC: A DIAGRAM OF THE FRONT PART, SHOWING ITS GIPSY III. ENGINE AND THE PETROL TANKS — PLACED IN THE WINGS AND BEFORE AND BEHIND THE PILOT'S SEAT.



WELL AWAY FOR THE FIRST WESTWARD SOLO FLIGHT ACROSS THE ATLANTIC: MR. MOLLISON IN HIS LITTLE MACHINE LEAVING PORTMARNOCK STRAND, CO. DUBLIN, FOR AMERICA.



MR. MOLLISON SHAKING HANDS WITH HIS WIFE (FORMERLY MISS AMY JOHNSON) JUST BEFORE HE LEFT: A FAREWELL SCENE ON PORTMARNOCK STRAND BEFORE SPECTATORS, INCLUDING THE LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN.



THE SMALLEST AND LOWEST-POWERED MACHINE EVER USED ON THE NORTH ATLANTIC AIR ROUTE: MR. MOLLISON'S LITTLE PUSS MOTH AEROPLANE, "THE HEART'S CONTENT," WITH 120-H.P. GIPSY III. ENGINE, WHICH CARRIED HIM FROM IRELAND TO NEW BRUNSWICK.

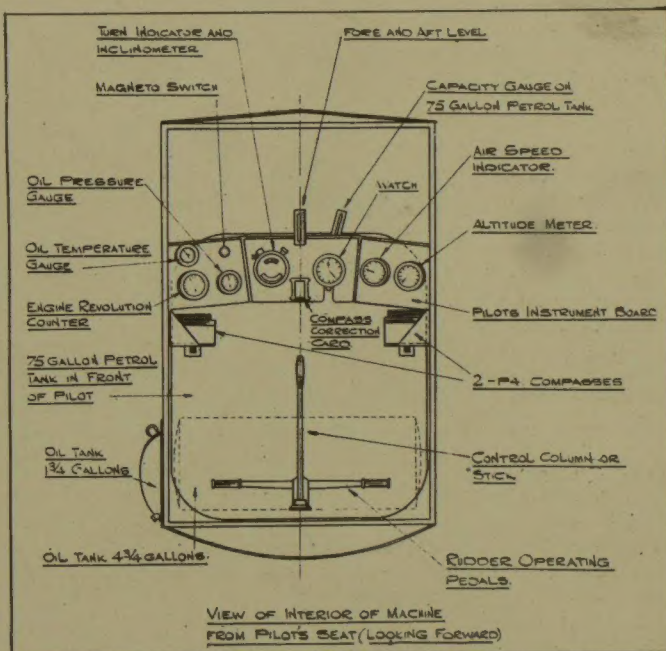


THE START OF A SOLO FLIGHT OF 2600 MILES IN A LIGHT AEROPLANE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC: MR. MOLLISON'S MACHINE BEGINNING TO MOVE DOWN THE RUNWAY AT PORTMARNOCK STRAND—SHOWING SOME OF THE 5000 SPECTATORS.

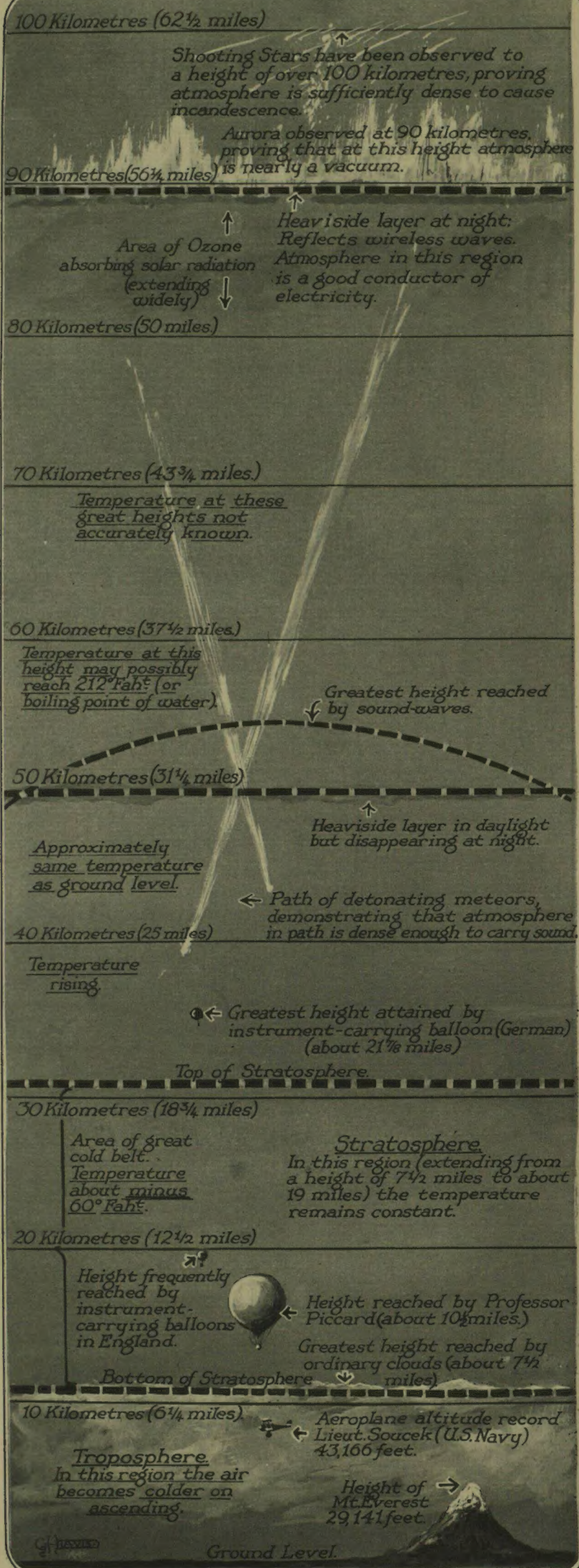
Mr. J. A. Mollison, already famous for record flights from Australia to England and from England to the Cape, recently added to his achievements by making the first east-to-west solo flight across the Atlantic, in a smaller machine and with an engine of lower power than any previously used on the North Atlantic route. His aeroplane, "The Heart's Content," is a Puss Moth with 120-h.p. Gipsy III. engine, both standard products of the De Havilland Aircraft Co. Ltd. It is only 25 ft. long, with a wing span of 36 ft. 9 ins. An aeroplane of the same type, it may be recalled, was flown across the Southern Atlantic, from Brazil to Africa, by Squadron-Leader Hinkler, but both the other solo Transatlantic

flights (those of Colonel Lindbergh and Miss Earhart) were made in bigger and more powerful machines, while all three were in the opposite direction, from west to east. Mr. Mollison left Portmarnock Strand, Co. Dublin, at 11.30 a.m. on August 18, in the presence of his wife (formerly Miss Amy Johnson), the Lord Mayor of Dublin, and about 5000 spectators. He landed at 5.45 p.m. (British Summer Time) on August 19 at Pennfield Ridge, New Brunswick, having been in the air over 30 hours and traversed 2600 miles. He had intended to cross and re-cross the Atlantic within three days, but changed his plans and decided to spend a week in New York before making the return flight.

DIAGRAMS OF MR. MOLLISON'S MACHINE, BY COURTESY OF THE DE HAVILLAND AIRCRAFT CO. LTD.

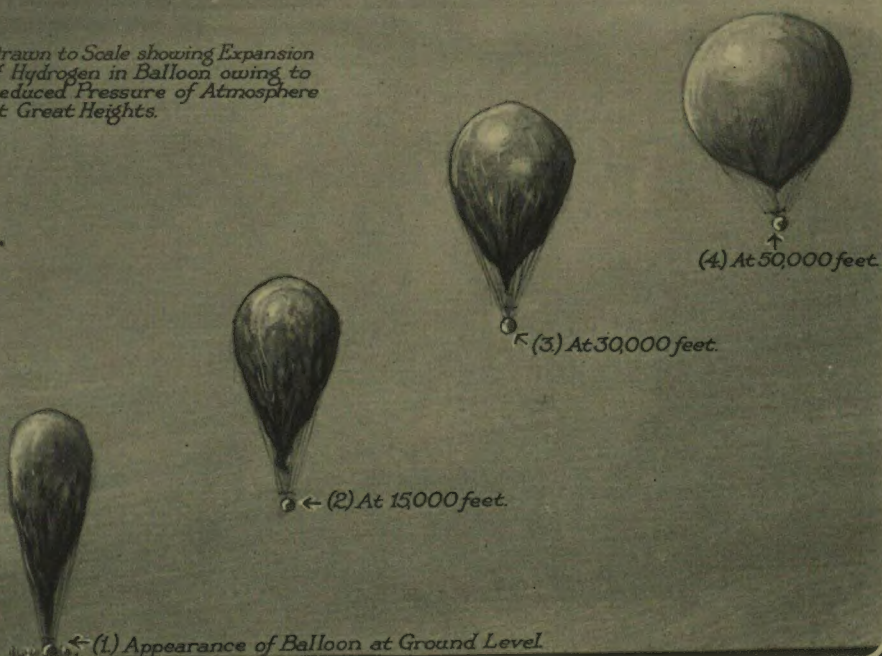


THE MEANING OF PICCARD'S FEAT: ATMOSPHERIC EXPLORATION ILLUSTRATED.



THE ALTITUDES TO WHICH PROFESSOR PICCARD AND DR. COSYNS ROSE IN THE STRATOSPHERE, AND THE "GREAT COLD BELT"; THE TWO DARING BALLOON ASCENTS MADE THIS YEAR AND LAST BY PROFESSOR PICCARD COMPARED WITH THE HEIGHTS OF CLOUD STRATA; WITH THE EXTENT OF THE TROPOSPHERE, WHICH IS IN CONTACT WITH THE EARTH'S SURFACE AND CONTAINS WATER-VAPOUR IN SUSPENSION, AND WITHIN WHICH THE VARIOUS TYPES OF CLOUDS ARE FORMED AT DIFFERENT LEVELS; AND WITH THE RESPECTIVE ALTITUDES OF MOUNT EVEREST AND MONT BLANC.

Drawn to Scale showing Expansion of Hydrogen in Balloon owing to Reduced Pressure of Atmosphere at Great Heights.



WHY PROFESSOR PICCARD'S BALLOON WAS ONLY PARTLY INFLATED AT THE START, AS IS INDICATED IN THE ILLUSTRATION ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE: A DIAGRAM SHOWING THE GRADUAL EXPANSION OF THE HYDROGEN AT INCREASING HEIGHTS THROUGH THE PROGRESSIVE DECREASE OF ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE; SO THAT IF A SKETCH OF THE BALLOON WERE MADE ONE INCH IN DIAMETER AT GROUND LEVEL, IT WOULD EXPAND TO 1½ INCHES AT 15,000 FT., JUST UNDER 1½ INCHES AT 30,000 FT., ABOUT 1½ INCHES AT 45,000 FT., AND OVER 2 INCHES AT 50,000 FT.—AND, IN FACT, ITS DIAMETER WOULD BE DOUBLED AT THE LATTER HEIGHT.

KNOWN FACTS ABOUT THE UPPER AIR WHICH PROFESSOR PICCARD MAY AMPLIFY: A COMPARATIVE DIAGRAM THAT INCLUDES THE HEIGHT ACHIEVED BY HIM IN HIS LAST ASCENT; THE HEIGHT OF MOUNT EVEREST AND THE GREATEST HEIGHT EVER REACHED IN AN AEROPLANE; THE "GREAT COLD BELT"; THE "HEAVISIDE" LAYER; AND STRATA UP TO SIXTY-TWO MILES.

Professor Piccard, of Brussels University, made his second daring ascent into the stratosphere on August 18. He started from Dubendorf Aerodrome, near Zurich, soon after 5 a.m., and just before sunrise. He rose successfully to a height of approximately 16,700 metres (some 10½ miles—and the greatest height ever reached by man); and after twelve hours' flight landed at Cavallaro di Monzambano, some eight miles due south of Lake Garda. He was accompanied by another scientist, Dr. Max Cosyns. This ascent was made for the same reason as the

previous one; that is, to study the cosmic rays—of which the origin and nature constitute one of the most fascinating unsolved mysteries in modern science. Researches into the nature of the cosmic rays, their importance, and the limitations of our knowledge about them, formed the subject of an extremely interesting article by Dr. F. J. W. Whipple (Superintendent of Kew Observatory) in our issue of June 13, 1931. The intensity of the rays, Professor Piccard stated, increases with height, and, according to some reports, he describes his registering

[Continued opposite.]

HOW PICCARD ACCOMPLISHED HIS FEAT: PHASES OF THE ASCENT; AND A SAFE LANDING.



THE BALLOON'S DESCENT IN THE CLOSELY CULTIVATED PLAINS OF LOMBARDY: THE GONDOLA AT REST IN A FIELD EIGHT MILES SOUTH OF LAKE GARDA.

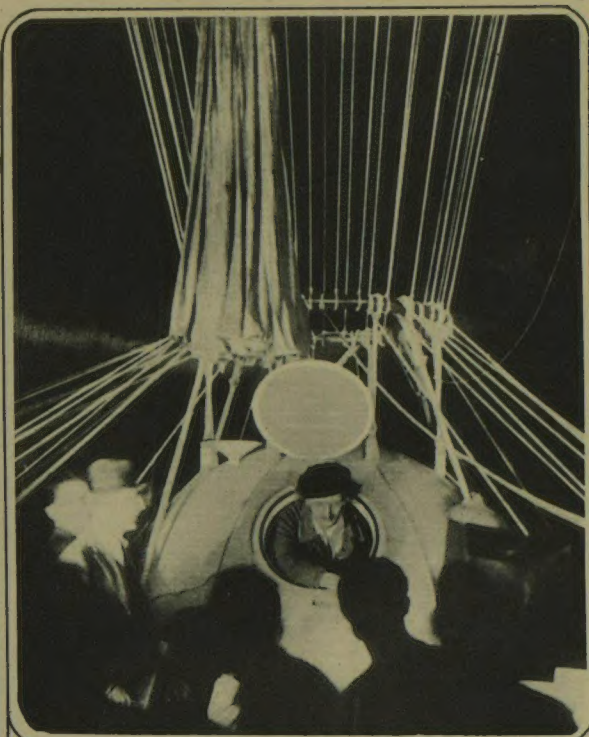


THE AERONAUTS, OVERCOME BY THE CHANGE FROM FREEZING COLD TO SWELTERING HEAT, LYING FULL LENGTH IN THE SHADE OF THE GONDOLA, ON LANDING.

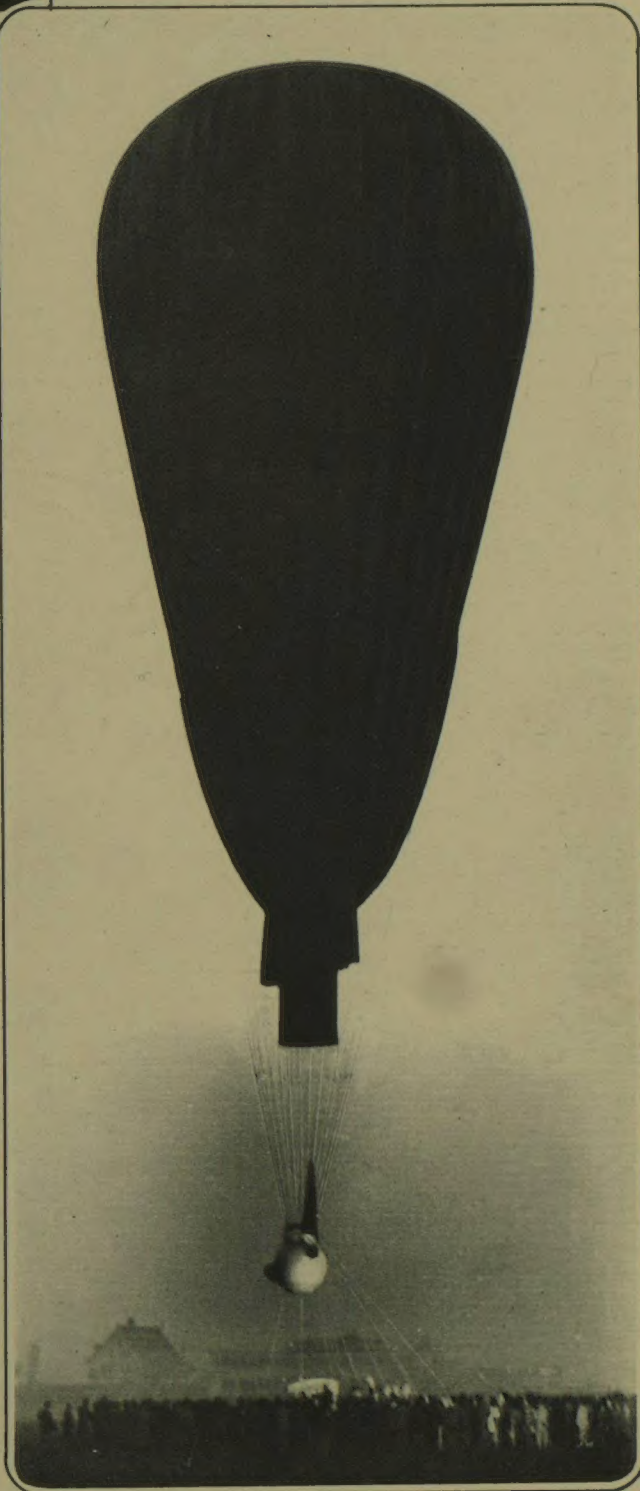


PROFESSOR PICCARD RECOVERING FROM THE EFFECTS OF THE VIOLENT CONTRASTS IN TEMPERATURE, SURROUNDED BY PEASANTS AND SPECTATORS, SOON AFTER HIS LANDING.

Continued. apparatus as demonstrating this intensity by a "continually increasing drumming sound"; according to others, the rays beat on the balloon "like rain." Cosmic observations began when 3000 metres was reached and continued uninterruptedly up to 16,300 metres above sea-level. At this height the cold was intense—36 degrees (Centigrade) below zero. The "Times," in a copyright message, quotes Professor Piccard to the effect that a contributory cause to this intense cold was the white-painted cabin, which repelled the sun's rays. His ascent



PROFESSOR PICCARD LOOKING OUT OF THE GONDOLA SHORTLY BEFORE LEAVING THE EARTH.



THE BALLOON SEMI-INFLATED, AS IN THE DIAGRAM OPPOSITE. LEAVING THE EARTH AT DAWN.

last year, on the contrary, was made almost unbearable by the heat, which was absorbed by the cabin, then painted black, or at least in part so. The contrast between the cold in the skies and the sweltering heat of the Italian plains was felt so keenly by Professor Piccard and Dr. Cosyns, on landing, that at first they could do nothing but lie on the ground in silence. The diagrams given opposite were used to illustrate Professor Piccard's previous ascent and have been brought up to date, incorporating his new results.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE PIGMY HIPPOPOTAMUS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

IT is not often that an animal believed to be extremely rare and verging on extinction turns out to be, if not numerous, at least holding its own in its native habitat. The pigmy hippopotamus (*Choeropsis liberiensis*) affords a case in point. The first which came to the London "Zoo" some years ago was regarded as an exceeding rarity, and many doubted whether it would live very long. But during the last few years profound advances have been made in the care of the animals. They began with the appointment of expert pathologists charged with the duty of holding a post-mortem on every animal which died, not merely to find the cause of death, but also to enable steps to be taken to prevent, so far as possible, the occurrence of that cause, or at any rate to limit its noxiousness. Hence the new arrival thrived, and later, furnished with a mate, unexpected success in breeding was attained. This was the outcome of a scientific administration, having as its object the careful study of the most suitable food for each animal, and meticulous precautions in regard to sanitation and the factors most conducive to good health.

Under these conditions, the further addition to the collection, which has just been made, of a young pigmy hippo is an asset of no small importance; for this species is not only particularly attractive to the general public, but it is also one of unusual interest from the scientific point of view. Of its habits in a wild state we have still much to learn. But we do know that its haunts and habits differ materially from those of its giant cousin (*Hippopotamus amphibius*), which, even now, survives in some numbers over a large part of Africa.

These two animals, it will be noticed, are regarded as representatives of two distinct genera. And that distinction is, indeed, warranted. But let us leave this matter of their classification, and turn to a comparison between the two animals from the evolutionist's point of view. What agencies have determined their several points of difference?

First of all let us consider the typical hippopotamus.

The comment of the ordinary visitor to the Gardens on seeing this animal for the first time is, "What an ugly brute!" But inspect it sympathetically, bearing in mind that in its wild state the greater part of its life is spent in the water, and often under it. For it can both swim and dive with ease, yet it seems to clash with all our notions of a swimming animal. The enormous body, weighing perhaps three tons, mounted on legs which suggest those of an elephant cut down, seems about as unsuited for aquatic movements as could well be. For in the background of the mind there rests the conception of the otter, seal, sea-lion, and whale. These, indeed, are palpably aquatic creatures.

But if never having heard of such a beast before, and being asked, on seeing one for the first time, "What sort of a place would you expect to find this animal living in?" a few moments' careful thought

would solve the riddle. Obviously it could not climb trees, or haunt precipitous cliffs or deserts. The conclusion would be "marshy ground." A careful inspection of the head, however, would give the final

pigmy proportions. A fossil species from India differs markedly in having three pairs of lower incisors, and all of equal length. The hippo of to-day has but two pairs (shown in the adjoining illustration), and of these the central pair is much the longer. Concerning these teeth I could tell a long story, but this must await another occasion.

And now as to the pigmy hippo. This, as I have already remarked, represents a distinct genus. The justification for this distinction will be apparent from a glance at the adjoining photograph, Fig. 1. For it is a much smaller animal, longer legged, more splay-footed, and has a relatively smaller head and teeth. In its habits it differs considerably from that of its larger relative. In the first place it does not live in herds; nor is it accustomed to spend the day submerged. It would seem, indeed, from the little that is known of it in a wild state, that it enters the water only on occasions—that is to say, to drink or bathe, or to cross rivers for fresh feeding-grounds. For the most part its habits resemble those of wild pigs, for they love wallowing in swamps, in the neighbourhood of the forests, which afford them cover as well as food. In their dentition they differ conspicuously from the hippopotamus in that they have but a single pair of lower incisors. This fact, and the smaller size of the canine, may be at least partly accounted for by the very different nature of the food, which consists of young shoots, fruits, and grass. The huge square mouth of the hippopotamus, with its great rake-like teeth, have to deal with a much coarser type of food, hence the greater size and number.



1. THE PIGMY HIPPOPOTAMUS (*CHOEROPSIS LIBERIENSIS*): AN ANIMAL OF GREAT INTEREST WHICH HAS ON MORE THAN ONE OCCASION BEEN INDUCED TO BREED AT THE LONDON "ZOO."

The small, short body, relatively long legs, splay feet, and small head stand in strong contrast with the unwieldy body of the typical hippo. It is scarcely necessary to add that these differences are closely associated with the animal's very different haunts and habits.

Photograph by D. Seth-Smith.

clue, for the nostrils, eyes, and ears, being all in line above the level of the top of the head, indicate an animal given to spending much time submerged, with only these all-important organs exposed.

But we have still to account for the absence of any sign of adjustment for swimming in regard to the legs. This is really easily explained, for the hippopotamus has to walk long miles at night to feed; grass and reeds forming their staple diet. This being so, the strenuous exercise of the limbs, necessitated by forced marches, makes any transformation into swimming-organs impossible; for walking is of more importance than swimming, since they retire to the water only to hide and sleep.

Africa is their last stronghold, and from this continent they are being slowly exterminated. From

India they have long since vanished. And the same is true of Europe. But in Pleistocene times they ranged all over Europe, and some very perfect specimens have been found in various parts of England. Nearly fifty years ago the remains of a large herd, containing adults and young, were found in the Pleistocene gravels of Barrington, near Cambridge.

We know, unfortunately, nothing of the early evolutionary stages of the hippopotamus comparable to what we know of the evolution of the elephant. For all the fossil remains are still indubitable hippos, though in Malta and Cyprus, the Caverns of Sicily, and in Madagascar they became reduced, by isolation, to



2. THE HEAD OF THE TYPICAL HIPPOPOTAMUS (*HIPPOPOTAMUS AMPHIBIUS*): A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE NATURE OF ITS MOUTH AND NOSTRILS SET ABOVE THE GENERAL LEVEL OF THE HEAD; IN CONTRAST TO THOSE OF THE PIGMY HIPPOPOTAMUS.

The enormous size of the hippopotamus's jaws and the extraordinary shape of its mouth are adjustments to the nature of its food, which consists mainly of reeds and grass.

Photograph by F. W. Bond.

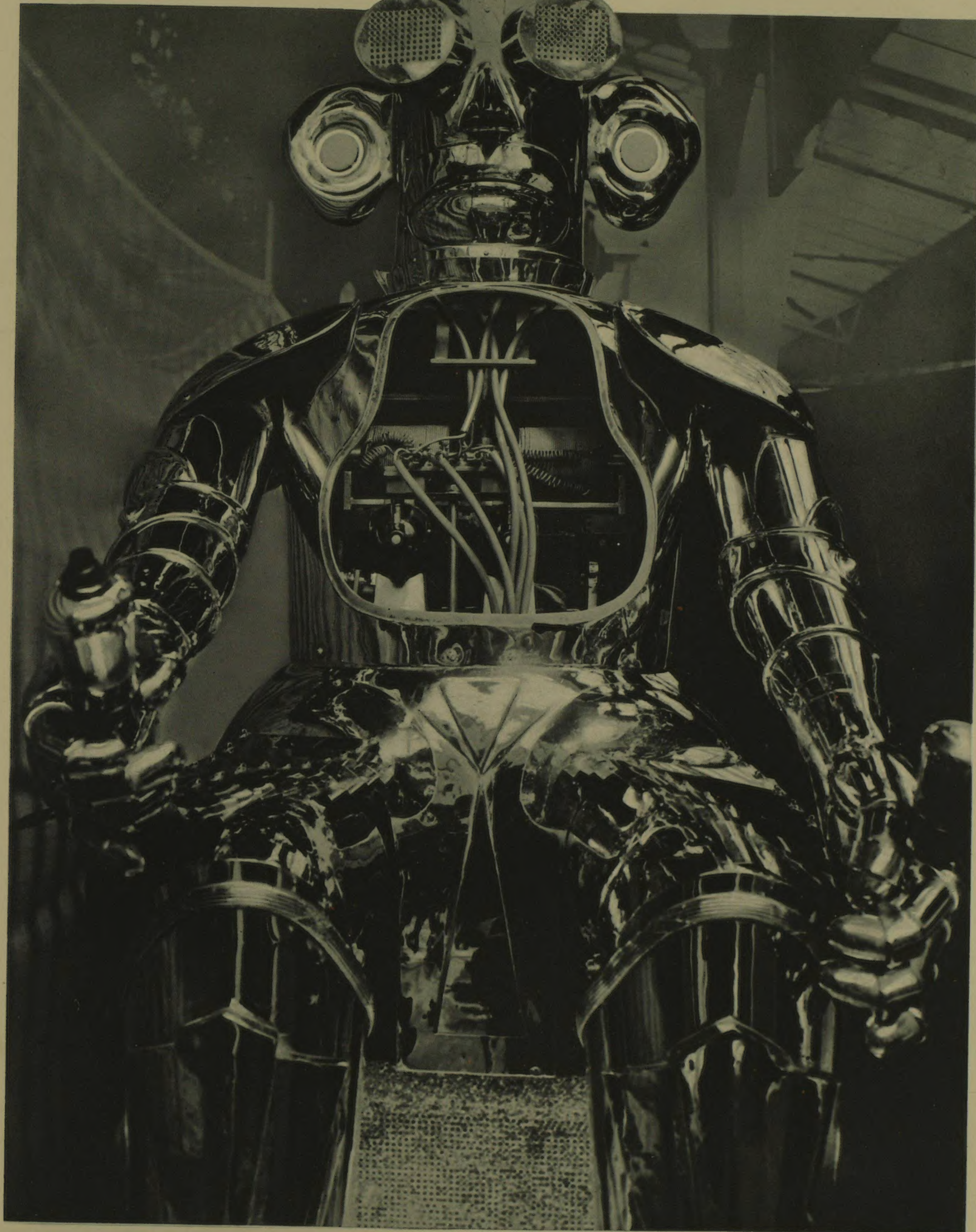


3. THE END OF THE LOWER JAW OF THE TYPICAL HIPPOPOTAMUS; SHOWING THE TWO PAIRS OF INCISORS (OF WHICH THE CENTRAL PAIR ARE THE LONGER) SET BETWEEN A GREAT PAIR OF CANINES, WHICH ARE OPPOSED TO A SIMILAR PAIR IN THE UPPER JAW.

These two living types of hippopotamus seem to show very clearly the subtle responsiveness to the effects of persistent use which is to be seen, in a hundred ways, in living bodies. And when we turn to such evidence as can be gleaned from fossil remains, we find at least one case which shows how the nature of the food affects the form and number of the teeth. This case is furnished by the extinct Siwalik species (*H. Sivalensis*), which, in this respect was materially different from that of the living species, since it has three pairs of incisors, and all of equal length. Furthermore, it is interesting to note that there was an Indian Pleistocene species which was intermediate in form between *sivalensis* and *amphibius* in this matter of the teeth, reduction in size and numbers, apparently following on a change of diet. In the pigmy hippo this reduction has left only a single pair of incisors, in place of three pairs. Young shoots and fruit obviously do not require such formidable jaws as those of the larger species. Finally, the eyes of the pigmy hippo, though near the top of the head, do not rise above it, as in the large African species; and this shows us that it has no occasion either to hide or rest submerged.

"A MOST DELICATE MONSTER":

"ALPHA," THE OLYMPIA ROBOT.



THE WONDERFUL "ROBOT" ON VIEW AT THE RADIO EXHIBITION AT OLYMPIA, WHICH, IT IS CLAIMED, CAN BOTH READ AND ANSWER SIMPLE QUESTIONS: "ALPHA," WITH HIS BREAST-PLATE REMOVED, SHOWING HIS ELECTRICAL "ANATOMY."

Robot men have been seen before, but few, if any, have had the accomplishments claimed for "Alpha," who is illustrated here. "Alpha," as will be seen, resembles a man in nickel-plated armour. It is said that photo-electric cells are concealed in the gratings which cover his eyes, while his ears are disguised microphones. He is astonishingly life-like, and can stand up or sit down and talk in a "pedantically meticulous voice." He performs the various motions in response

to spoken commands, and it is claimed that this is done without other human aid. His conversation consists in answering any ordinary simple questions which may be put to him, and apparently, observers note, the questions need not be prearranged. How this is done is kept secret. "Alpha" weighs two tons, and it is stated that if he raised his voice to its fullest pitch he could break every bit of glass in Olympia. Mr. H. May is "Alpha's" inventor.

SPECIALLY PHOTOGRAPHED BY WILLIAM DAVIS FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

ODDS AND ENDS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



A HUMMING-BIRD FED WITH HONEY FROM A BOTTLE! A BRAZILIAN COLIBRI, ONE OF THE FIRST SEEN IN EUROPE, IN THE BERLIN "ZOO."

This Brazilian colibri, according to a correspondent who sends us the above photograph, is one of a number of these tiny birds recently brought to Berlin, the first specimens of their kind seen in Europe. It is said to weigh only two grammes. "Feeding them," we read, "is very difficult, but a Hamburg engineer has invented this peculiar bottle, by which the bird can be fed with honey."

Colibri is the Carib name for various species of humming-birds.



A UNIQUE NEW ATTRACTION AT THE LONDON "ZOO": A PAIR OF WELL-GROWN GORILLAS—

A SPECIES NOT SEEN THERE FOR MANY YEARS.

The "Zoo" now possesses a pair of gorillas larger and stronger than any previously seen there. The female is about eight years old and over 4 ft. high, and the male about seven and slightly shorter. For many years the Zoological Society had declined to buy gorillas, as nearly all those offered were very young and unaccustomed to human beings or European food. This couple, however, had been kept two years in excellent health.



THE SCENE OF A FAMOUS WAR-TIME ESCAPE OPENED TO THE PUBLIC: THE DONNINGTON HALL TUNNEL.

Donnington Hall, near Derby, the seat of the Marquess of Hastings, now permanently open to the public, was during the war a prison for captured German officers. It was enclosed by high barbed-wire fences, but two prisoners escaped by burrowing a tunnel underneath. Visitors are seen inspecting the exit.



THE WINNER OF THE TOURIST TROPHY: MR. C. R. WHITCROFT (GARLANDED) WITH HIS MECHANIC (RIGHT) AND MR. G. E. T. EYSTON (LEFT), WHO WAS SECOND.



THE LARGEST OF ITS TYPE IN THIS COUNTRY: THE NEW WATER-TOWER AT GREAT YARMOUTH.

The new water-tower at Great Yarmouth, here seen under construction amid a forest of scaffolding, is described as the largest of its type in the country. It is 162 ft. high, built of concrete, and has a total capacity of 784,000 gallons. The water-supply from it will extend from Caister to Gorleston.



MR. F. W. DIXON AND HIS MECHANIC (IN A RILEY) LEAP THE BANK AT QUARRY CORNER DURING THE TOURIST TROPHY RACE: A DRAMATIC PHOTOGRAPH.

The R.A.C. International Tourist Trophy Race, run on the Ards Circuit, Co. Down, on August 20, was won by Mr. C. R. Whitcroft in a 1089 c.c. Riley car, his average speed being 74.23 m.p.h. Second was Mr. G. E. T. Eyston, driving a similar Riley, at an average of 73.90 m.p.h. There were several mishaps, but the only serious accident befell Major A. T. C. Gardner. His M.G. Midget got out of control on Bradshaw's Brae. The mechanic was thrown out, but not badly hurt. The car then turned over twice, finishing upside down on top of Major Gardner, who suffered a compound fracture above the right knee. Mr. F. W. Dixon, the well-known racing motor-cyclist, had a lucky escape when his small Riley, taking Quarry Corner too fast, leapt the bank and came to a standstill some 25 ft. from the road. Dixon was unhurt, but his mechanic was slightly injured.



THE ONLY SERIOUS ACCIDENT IN THE T.T. RACE: MAJOR GARDNER RECEIVING FIRST AID FOR A FRACTURED LEG JUST AFTER HIS CAR (AN M.G. MIDGET) HAD OVERTURNED UPON HIM.

SCENES OF OUR RECORD HEAT-WAVE.



A POLAR BEAR WHO HAD TO PUT UP WITH INTENSE HEAT: ONE OF THE "ZOO" EXHIBITS AMUSING HIMSELF WITH A STICK IN COOL WATER.



A WALRUS WHO WAS FED WITH ICE AT REGULAR INTERVALS DURING THE HEAT-WAVE.



THE LIONS AT WHIPSNADE, OVERCOME BY THE HEAT, TAKE THEIR EASE WITH MOST UNLEONINE *SANS-GENE*.



HOW OUR RECORD TEMPERATURE WAS REGISTERED: 95.5 DEGREES BEING NOTED AT MESSRS. NEGRETTI AND ZAMBRA'S.



SCHOOL-CHILDREN ENJOYING BATHING AND PADDLING ALMOST WITHIN SIGHT OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE.



WHEN NIGHT WAS ALMOST AS HOT AS DAY ON THE SOUTH COAST: MIDNIGHT BATHING AT HASTINGS—AN UNUSUAL ASSEMBLAGE ON A FLOOD-LIGHTED BEACH.

When we illustrated some substitutes for the seaside in and about London in our last number, it was in the fervent hope that the Metropolis would be spared the continuance of sub-tropical heat, and that the weather would take on a more temperate mood. But after a short respite the thermometer rose again to

abnormal heights, and, in fact, broke its record—established in 1911—of 95 degrees by achieving 95.5 degrees! The accurate recording of these remarkable temperatures is not a simple matter. To obtain the true shade temperature, the thermometers have to be placed within a screen as shown in our illustration.

ONE OF OUR CONQUERORS.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"HITLER." By EMIL LENGYEL.*

(PUBLISHED BY GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS.)

HITLER is little more than a name in this country, and the British public would be glad of solid information about him. It is a pity that the writer of this book has not given that information in a more explicit and less melodramatic manner than he has adopted. The treatment is superficial. There is little attempt to collect and marshal significant material, and it is impossible to resist the impression that, when information has failed,



HERR ADOLF HITLER AS HE WAS BEFORE HIS PHENOMENAL RISE TO POWER IN GERMANY: THE NAZI LEADER IN RAIN-COAT AND OLD FELT HAT—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT MUNICH TEN YEARS AGO.

the deficiency has been supplied by imagination. Unfortunately, it is imagination of an inferior order, and its product, though dear to the lesser exponents of the New Biography as "atmosphere," is known to more profane persons by the vulgar name of "padding." However, it is possible, with industry, to extract from these hasty pages a few facts and reflections of interest.

Adolf Hitler was born in Austria, the son of a minor Customs official. At the age of sixteen or seventeen, his father having died and left the family in poverty, he went to seek his fortune in Vienna. His ambition, it is said, was to become an architect; actually, he became a builder's labourer. About 1912 he migrated to Munich and "continued to make as little stir in the world as any proletarian. He worked as a carpenter and handy-man when there was something to do, and he made drawings for newspapers. He had no friends and few acquaintances." He served in the ranks throughout the war and attracted no attention. He was wounded once and gassed once. It was in the troublous times after the war that he first began to dabble in politics. There was a deal of "beer-hall reform" in Munich after the outbreak of peace, and there was even a well-remembered attempt, though a poor one and short-lived, at Communist revolution. What part, if any, Hitler took in or against it, is not known. There is an unexplained lacuna at this point, for it would seem that after the restoration of order, Hitler, hitherto entirely obscure, had come into some kind of prominence: at all events "he was assigned to a committee to investigate the activities of the men of the 2nd Infantry Regiment during the revolution," and soon after "he was made political lecturer to Schützenregiment No. 41." Evidently somebody had discovered his native eloquence; but Herr Lengyel hints that he was really employed as a Government spy upon political meetings. As to his own political allegiance, he had a large variety of sects and factions from which to choose; about the end of 1919, he threw in his lot with the embryonic German Labour Party, becoming its "seventh member." It was a strange form of Labour Party: "hysteria was the keynote": it apparently based itself on two phobias—anti-Semitism and anti-democracy. A phobia is always an excellent starting-point for demagogic rhetoric: and the party had surprising success. Hitler, the spellbinder, was its chief of propaganda; within two years it began to number its members in thousands, and the spellbinder became its Vice-President.

By the autumn of 1923, Bavaria was ready for a *coup d'état*. It was the headquarters of all those Germans who, having won the war, had been "stabbed in the

back" by their own statesmen, not to mention Communists, Jews, Catholics, and Freemasons. Lance-Corporal Hitler was allied with General Ludendorff in the project for a march on Berlin which was to relegate the march on Rome to insignificance. The new Government of Bavaria was to be proclaimed on November 8th: in the meantime, Hitler had won a number of "Excellencies" to his will in a manner which, if the account here given is accurate (which we can hardly believe), resembled nothing so much as a music-hall turn. Apparently after Hitler had pressed all the notables into his service at the point of the pistol, mingling threats of murder with threats of suicide, the whole party burst into tears of apology and reconciliation. However this may be, the *putsch* collapsed ignominiously after the first volley had been fired by the Reichswehr. Ludendorff marched on Berlinwards: Hitler took the opposite direction, with some celerity. He was hunted out from hiding and, in February 1924, he stood his trial for high treason. A sentence of five years was commuted to six months, which would have been a pleasant respite had not events moved unexpectedly in the interval.

Hitler issued from durance to find Germany in the high fever of "individual renaissance," inspired by the resounding American boom. "It was up-hill work to make a country exerting its muscles to build up what had been destroyed in ten years take heed of Herr Adolf Hitler, with two tufts of moustache under his nose, who was telling the world how to hate." But again the situation supplied Hitler with a convenient phobia: this time it was anti-Americanism, which adapted itself almost as readily as anti-Semitism to "Aryan racial purity."

In 1929 the American house of cards collapsed, all Germany was in extremity, and there sprang up a new hope for the Nazi millennium. By September 1930, one-sixth of the total number of voters in Germany "had expressed their preference for the Hitler brand of salvation." What has happened since that date is too fresh in the mind of the public to need recapitulation. Herr Lengyel—writing, it would seem, within the last few months—ends with speculation. "At the presidential elections of the Spring of 1932 he polled an enormous vote against President Hindenburg, Germany's national idol. . . . Hitler may yet have a place in the German Government, and if the Reich's desperate financial situation continues, he may have an opportunity of being the head of the Government." At the moment of writing, nobody in this country knows whether or not this conjecture will prove true, though the question may be decided any day in startling fashion. If Germany escapes a period of disruption, it will be a remarkable tribute—not the first—to the ultimate, deep-rooted sanity of her people. That, and that only, is her sheet-anchor, and it shows signs of dragging perilously.

Perhaps the most disastrous heritage of the war is its aggravation of innumerable aggressive, conflicting nationalisms. What does this particular type of nationalism stand for? In the forefront, hatred of the Jew. It is almost incredible to Englishmen that this barbaric mania should be erected to the position of a fundamental political tenet; but such appears to be the fact. If we may believe Herr Lengyel's account, there are no limits, however fantastic, to which this fanaticism will not go; though what the Jews have done to Germany to deserve this frantic vendetta remains obscure. The economic programme, so far as it exists, would "abolish the proletariat" of Marx, and substitute what appears to be a kind of guild-socialism, controlled by State "Economic Chambers." There is to be "compulsory civil service" of one year for the young, as an antidote to unemployment. The party stands for private property against collectivism, but it is to be the private property of a "proprietary state" of small holders. This would involve expropriation on a large scale, though the original project of "expropriation without compensation" has been judiciously diluted. The State is to have control of all land, and a vigorous agrarian policy is to be developed. But it is difficult to give any compendious description of

Nazi "policy." "What Hitler's flag stands for he has never revealed beyond irresponsible generalisations and decrepit platitudes. Gottfried Feder has declared in his name that the National Socialist Party has three enemies: Marxism, parliamentarism, and capitalism. Hitler calls his party a representative body of labour. In other countries such representative bodies are called company unions, and they are financed by the companies whose workers they are supposed to represent."

Some of the party principles are Olympic in their sweep and scope. Thus: "Offenders against the interests of the community, usurers, profiteers, etc., are to be punished with death, irrespective of race and religion." Much virtue in your "etc."! Again: "Anyone attacking or even questioning in speech or in the Press the moral value of military or other State service, anyone advocating the spiritual, physical, or material disarmament of the German nation . . . publicly asserting Germany's share of war-guilt, or damaging the vital interests of the German people in any other way, shall be punished with death. Anyone consorting with members of the Jewish race shall purge his crime in prison." Such, *inter alia* of the same type, were the terms of "Printed Matter No. 1741," submitted by Hitler to the Reichstag.

Behind all stand the emotional political impulses—repudiation of war-debts: hatred of France: hostility to the League of Nations: fanatical exaltation of race: determination to wipe out the "war-guilt" reproach and to reassert Germany's status and destiny. All this was to be expected. It required no preternatural gift of prophecy in 1919 to foresee that some such reaction was inevitable in the fullness of time, and in a sense it is not too much to say that by the Treaty of Versailles the Allies brought the Nazi movement upon themselves. The marvel is that it has been so long postponed: but we have learned in more respects than one that the detonations of world-war are of the "delay-action" type.

And the "Osaf" himself—the Superman "with two tufts of moustache under his nose"? If we are to believe his critic, he is *vox et prateria nihil*—a shallow, paltry, neurotic person, with no constructive ability, a woolly intelligence, and little to commend him except glibness and passionate prejudice. This is difficult to believe, but it is by no means impossible. It is disillusioning to



HERR HITLER AS HE IS TO-DAY: A DAPPER POLITICIAN, SALUTED BY ENTHUSIASTIC MEMBERS OF THE NAZI PARTY, OF BOTH SEXES, AND PRESENTED WITH BOUQUETS.

think that a man with a Charlie Chaplin moustache can sway the destinies of a nation; but when passion, prejudice, and sentiment are let loose, almost anybody or anything is good enough as a popular symbol and a magnetic rallying-point. It may well be—but we withhold judgment, pending better information—that Hitler, the man, is as empty as his absurd Swastika.—C. K. A.

* "Hitler." By Emil Lengyel. (George Routledge and Sons Ltd.; 7s. 6d. net.)

BRITISH BIG-GAME FISHING: THE RESULT OF AN ALL-NIGHT FIGHT.



ALL WHITBY THRONGS TO SEE A 700-LB. TUNNY WHICH WAS CAUGHT WITH ROD AND LINE: THE MONSTER FISH—THE SECOND LARGEST TAKEN OFF THE BRITISH COAST—BEING HOISTED ASHORE.

The second largest tunny taken with rod and line in English waters, and the first one so obtained this summer, a monster 9 ft. long and weighing 700 lb., was caught off Yorkshire, on August 19, by Mr. L. Mitchell-Henry, the well-known big-game fisherman, of the British Sea Anglers Society, who this season has made his headquarters at Whitby. On the previous morning he went out in the fishing-boat "Fortunatus," accompanied by Mr. F. B. Hannam, vice-chairman of the society, and that night found tunny amongst the herring. With one of the crew, Mr. Mitchell-Henry entered a rowing-boat, and immediately afterwards hooked a tunny. Then ensued a tremendous struggle, which lasted for five hours (four of them in darkness)

in a rough sea. The great fish towed the boat in all directions for some twelve miles, but was eventually secured. As our photograph shows, it attracted enormous public interest at Whitby when brought ashore. This was Mr. Mitchell-Henry's second expedition after tunny off Yorkshire, and his eighth fish. His first (one of 560 lb.) caught on August 27, 1930, was the first ever taken on rod and line in English waters, and thus inaugurated big-game fishing as a home sport. The occasion was fully described (by Mr. Hannam) and illustrated in our issue of December 13, 1930. The record tunny, caught that season by Mr. Fred Taylor, weighed 735 lb. Still more gigantic specimens are known to exist in these waters.

FLYING OVER AFRICA'S HIGHEST PEAK: KILIMANJARO; OTHER CRATERS.

AIR PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER MITTELHOLZER.

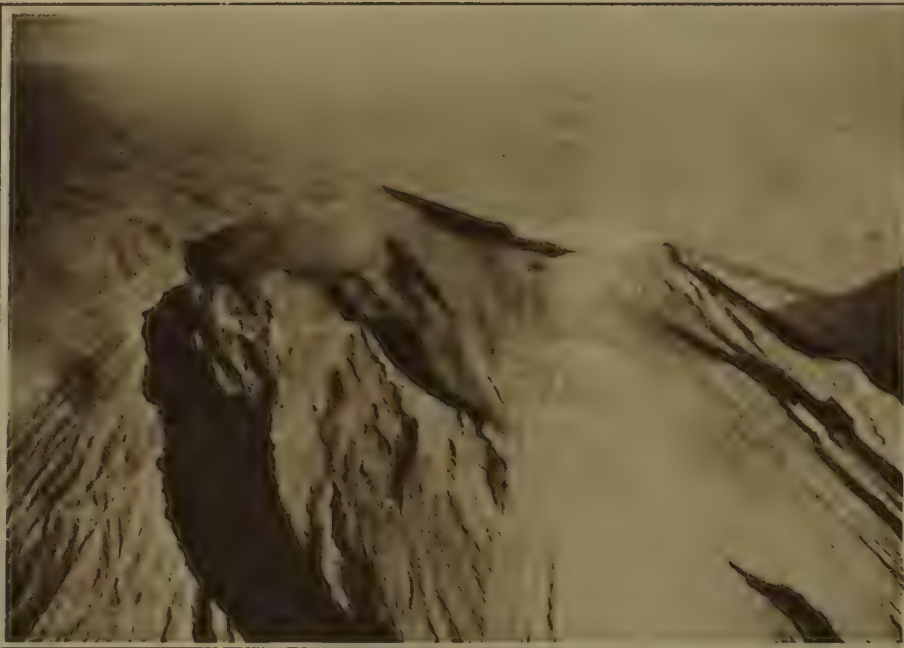


A WONDERFUL PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING A FLIGHT OVER AFRICA'S HIGHEST MOUNTAIN, THE CRATER OF KIBO, WESTERN SUMMIT OF KILIMANJARO (19,710 FT.)—SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE FLYING AT NEARLY 20,500 FT.

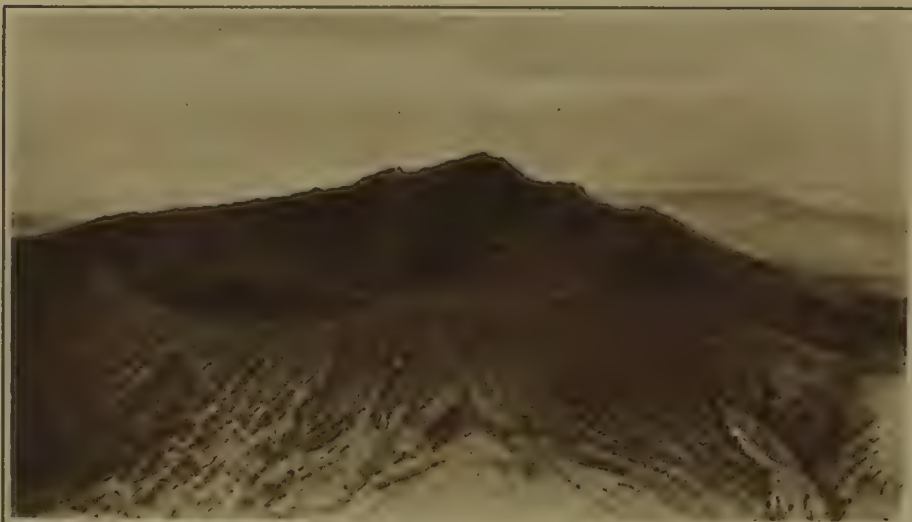


AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHY AMONG EXTINCT VOLCANOES: THE SUMMIT AND CRATER OF ELANAIROBI (10,400 FT.) WITH A SECONDARY CRATER.

One of the wonders of aviation is the remarkable rapidity with which the summits of lofty mountains can be reached and surveyed by air, as compared with the long and laborious process of climbing on foot, as, for instance, in the Belgian Expedition to Ruwenzori illustrated on page 308. The wonderful air photographs of East African volcanoes given on these two pages, some of which present interesting points of comparison with those illustrations and with the colour photograph of Mt. Kenya on page 309, are the work of the well-known Swiss airman-photographer, M. Walter Mittelholzer, who has



IN THE "PHLEGREAN FIELDS" OF EASTERN AFRICA, TEN OR TWENTY TIMES VASTER THAN THE ORIGINAL: THE CRATER OF LENGAI PHOTOGRAPHED FROM AN AEROPLANE AT A HEIGHT OF ABOUT 10,400 FT.



THE GIANT CRATER OF LONGONOT, OF CLASSIC FORM: (SOME 40 MILES NORTH-WEST OF NAIROBI): AN AIR PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM AN ALTITUDE OF ABOUT 9750 FT.

specialised in this valuable and adventurous branch of alrmanship. In a descriptive article relating to these photographs, a French writer, M. Henri Bouché, says: "The aeroplane offers an admirable mobile 'observatory' for surveying the world from points of view seldom obtainable on the ground, except among mountains. . . . Flying towards Nairobi by the Nile valley in his three-engined Fokker 'Switzerland III,' M. Mittelholzer left the river at Mongalla and turned south-east. The first volcano he encountered, after 280 miles, was Elgon; next came Elmenteita, then Lengai, and lastly, barring

Continued opposite.

OVER AFRICA'S SECOND HIGHEST PEAK: MT. KENYA FROM THE AIR.

AIR PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER MITTELHOLZER.



KENYA MOUNTAIN FROM THE AIR: GEOLOGICALLY "AN OLD AND DEEPLY DISSECTED VOLCANO IN A VERY ADVANCED STAGE OF DECAY," WHOSE SUMMIT WAS ONCE 3000 FT. HIGHER—AN INTERESTING PARALLEL TO THE COLOUR PHOTOGRAPH GIVEN ON PAGE 309.



THE SECOND HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN AFRICA AS SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE: ONE OF THE MAGNIFICENT TWIN PEAKS OF KENYA MOUNTAIN (17,010 FT.) .

AN IMPRESSIVE EXAMPLE OF AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

[Continued.]

the way, the desolate Longonot, whose famous giant crater, of classic form, he photographed during flight. His three chief air expeditions from Nairobi were the flight over Mt. Kenya (17,010 ft.); an extensive flight over a region where great craters lie thickest; and finally the aerial ascent of Kilimanjaro, Africa's highest mountain, whose loftiest peak, Kibo, rises to 19,710 ft. . . . For the passengers in 'Switzerland III.' the scenes recalled impressively the active period of African volcanoes. For those of them who had flown over Naples, the flight presented gigantic 'Phlegrean Fields' (a volcanic district

near that city) on a scale ten or twenty times more imposing." For the great flight over the summit of Mt. Kilimanjaro, M. Mittelholzer no longer carried eight passengers, but was accompanied only by his assistant pilot, M. Künzle. This flight was a great achievement. When vertically over the crater of Kibo the aeroplane was struck by an eddy of extraordinary violence which nearly threw the pilot-out. We may recall that in our issue of January 24, 1931, we gave some photographs by a South African airman, Mr. F. Roy Tuckett, forming part of a film taken from the air of Kilimanjaro and Mt. Kenya.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

MEN may adopt the wandering life from various motives—to escape conventions and monotony, to pick up a living with the hope of “striking lucky” somewhere and somehow, or merely in obedience to a restless impulse to follow “the call of the wild.” A few go with a deeper purpose, to see the world and to study the ways and works of humanity in philosophical mood. To this last category belongs a young American who records his adventures in “MEN ON THE HORIZON.” By Guy Murchie, jun. With many illustrations by the Author (Cape; 10s. 6d.). Admiral Byrd, the famous Polar explorer, tells us in a preface that he began to read the book from personal interest in the writer, but continued for its own sake and “lost hours of sleep” before finishing it.

The scene opens in the fo’c’sle of an army transport ship, in which the author was rated “as an A.B. seaman,” and his subsequent travels are indicated by the titles to the other nine chapters—Alaska, Hawaii, the Engine-Room, Japan, China, the Philippines, North China, Korea, and Russia. One gathers that he deliberately set out to “rough it” among humble folk in strange places, from choice rather than compulsion. “I’ve finished this year,” he writes at the outset, “an education supposed to prepare me for life in a world of which I know, definitely, almost nothing. . . . I must find out for myself whether it is not ignorance, and ignorance alone, that prevents friendship and understanding between these masses of human beings. . . . I want to come to some workable conclusions about this variegated world of men, and I can’t do it until I have encountered it at first hand, and in the raw.”

Such is the spirit which animates this intensely vital and picturesque book. It would be well if all thoughtful young men, especially those destined to play a part in politics, were to follow the author’s example. Mr. Murchie does not obtrude his reflections unduly; in fact, they form a very small part of the work, which is mainly an objective account of life and character and social customs in the various lands he visited, or aboard ship, and of the people among whom he lived and worked. As Admiral Byrd puts it, “he seems to have a gift for observing human nature,” and he describes what he observed with humour and sympathy, giving liveliness to the picture by many snatches of dialogue. Among other vicissitudes, he drifted 800 miles down the Yukon alone in a rowing-boat, lived with a Japanese family, and on one occasion, in Asiatic Russia, narrowly escaped death at the hands of two drunken Red soldiers, flourishing revolvers, whom he had inadvertently offended. Perhaps the most interesting chapter of all is that concerning his experiences in Moscow.

And what, finally, is the outcome of all these diversified peregrinations? Summing up in retrospect, as the train whirled him from Russia into Poland, he says: “In something nearer to my heart than memory will live, for me, my friends on this long journey. . . . I am bringing home with me, from forty thousand miles of men, the sure knowledge that under their skins—be they yellow, brown, black or white—they are prisoners, just as I am, of their lives and heritage. . . . They are different—on the skin—but, beneath, there is no alien mystery in any race of man. . . . And I know that, in the shared orange held out to my hunger by a dirty yellow hand on a Chinese railway, is the world’s hope.” Nor is that hope diminished by the closing scene at New York docks, where, at the author’s instigation, a brawny sailor lends a helping hand to a bewildered little Hindu. Not a very novel or abstruse philosophy, perhaps, since it was promulgated some nineteen hundred years ago, but none the worse for repetition, and not too often advocated in our cynical day.

Although a wander-year round the world may enlarge a man’s view of human brotherhood, such an adventure is hardly possible for everyone, but even those of us who cannot travel may arrive at a similar creed and find means of practising it nearer home. Infinite opportunities for doing so are suggested and explained in “LET’S HELP.” A Collection of Good Causes. By Sir Charles Bright, F.R.S.E., M.Inst.C.E. (Routledge; 4s. 6d.). The author’s task here is to urge the team spirit in social service “in the interests of the under-dog, who, in these days, can rise to the top rung of the ladder if he is given a helping

hand.” Explanatory details are given of nearly fifty institutions or societies devoted in different ways to the furtherance of national welfare, and the author hopes that his book, bringing together information not otherwise available in one volume, will be of permanent use for reference.

There must be certain limits, of course, to the scope of such a volume if it is not to become unwieldy or overlap with existing publications. Sir Charles has not dealt with hospitals, women’s movements, rural community councils; or the innumerable charities listed in four annual guide-books. His “good causes” are rather those of a constructive, educative, and social type, the general principle of selection being indicated by a quotation from “Timon of Athens”:

‘Tis not enough to help the feeble up
But to support him after.

Thus the list comprises university settlements and other educational foundations, Scouts and kindred associations, efforts born of the War, including Toc H and the British Legion, and many other enterprises aiming at improved conditions of industry or citizenship. Altogether, the book will be valuable to all persons of good intent anxious to know how best they can serve their country’s need. It is appropriately dedicated to the Prince of Wales.

Reverting to the subject with which we began, I must now touch lightly on other works inspired by the roaming spirit. Writing at the moment in the

another: “It’s a fine day; let’s go out and kill something.” Certainly the pursuit of game does provide the motive for a good deal of nomadism. Equal skill with gun and pen is a rare combination, but when the sportsman is also a practised novelist we get a really good story of the hunter’s life, such as “WANDERINGS IN WILD AFRICA.” By C. T. Stoneham. Profusely illustrated with photographs (Hutchinson; 10s. 6d.). It is not exactly cooling to read (in an account of buffalo-stalking), “we were exhausted by travelling in grotesque postures in the temperature of a drying-room,” or “we crawled and sweated through that awful stuff.” Nevertheless, there are compensations in the dramatic character of the narrative. Mr. Stoneham, who conducts his own hunting in a chivalrous manner, writes with scorn and disgust of the luxury “sportsmen,” out for indiscriminate slaughter at the least risk to themselves, whom it was sometimes his lot to accompany in his capacity of professional hunter. He devotes his final chapter to explaining how a *safari* can be organised on inexpensive lines, and “the harder the life the greater the pleasure.”

In the reminiscences of a famous and much-experienced sportsman, who (in the intervals of a political career) has chased or shot everything from foxes and grouse to Barbary sheep and Tunisian lions, there are some consoling allusions to the joys of a heat wave. I refer to a delightful little book, covering an extraordinarily varied acquaintance with man and beast in England, Asia, and Africa, namely, “HALF A CENTURY OF SPORT.” By Sir Alfred Pease, Bt. With sixteen illustrations (Lane; 8s. 6d.). “I have always had a horror” (writes the author) “of cold and frost, and a love of hot, dry climates.” Besides the homeland, Sir Alfred Pease has enjoyed sport in Austria, the Pyrenees, and many parts of Africa and India. He offers some interesting reflections on the ethics of hunting, culled from an old book of 1686.

Other works of kindred attraction must be briefly noted. Several allusions to Sir Alfred Pease occur in “BIG GAME SHOOTING RECORDS.” With Biographical Notes and Anecdotes on the most prominent Big Game Hunters of Ancient and Modern Times. By Edgar N. Barclay. Illustrated (Witherby; 15s.). Australia claims two interesting works—“THE CALL OF THE BUSH.” Wanderings of a Nature Man on the Murray River. By Harold Priest. Illustrated (Werner Laurie; 12s. 6d.), and “DOWN UNDER.” An Australian Odyssey. By R. W. Thompson, author of “Argentine Interlude” (Duckworth; 12s. 6d.)—a record of adventures, “in search of life and work,” from 1926 to 1930. Finally, we reach a really cool spot in a book recounting the hardships of a Russian revolutionary exiled to Siberia under the Tsarist régime—

“THE ROAD TO OBLIVION.” By Vladimir Zenzinov, with the collaboration of Isaac Don Levine, and an introduction by Vilhjalmur Stefansson. Illustrated (Cape; 12s. 6d.). Here is a vivid picture of life in the “white wilderness, where sorcery is still in vogue; where the Aurora Borealis and the non-setting sun alternate in ruling the skies.”

This first-hand description of the Russian exile system under the imperial régime serves to introduce a post-Revolution study entitled “SOVIET RUSSIA AND THE WORLD.” By Maurice Dobb, Lecturer in Economics at Cambridge (Sidgwick and Jackson; 3s. 6d.). With this little book, again, may be bracketed “THE RUSSIAN FACE OF GERMANY.” An Account of the Secret Military Relations between the German and Soviet-Russian Governments. By Cecil F. Melville (Wishart; 6s.). Lastly, an antidote to the Bolshevik menace is offered in “THE ALTERNATIVE TO COMMUNISM.” The new Political Fellowship—the new Crusade. By A. G. Pape, with a symposium by other writers (Cecil Palmer; 2s. 6d.). Among the contributors to the symposium are Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, Lord Tavistock, and Mr. George Lansbury. This last name turns my thoughts gratefully to the refreshing waters of the Serpentine. C. E. B.



A GIANT GROUNDESEL PLANTED AS A LAND-MARK ON A RIDGE BORDERING THREE LAKES IN CENTRAL AFRICA: AN INTERESTING INCIDENT DURING THE BELGIAN EXPEDITION TO RUWENZORI.

melting mood induced by a heat wave (subsequently dispelled) I should have preferred books taking me to some cool place, such as the North Pole. As it happens, however, they are mostly concerned with tropical or sub-tropical climates. There is no fulfilment of a promise of bathing-suits suggested in the title of “ENCHANTED SAND.” A New-Mexican Pilgrimage. By D. J. Hall. With twenty-two illustrations and two end-paper-maps (Methuen; 12s. 6d.). Here the sand is not that of the seashore but of the desert, and its enchantments are of a sultry sort. Moreover, it arouses envy to read that “no one in this country of eternal sunshine, lazy contentment, and slow-moving burros, ever did any more work than he was driven to.”

The book tells in lively fashion a story of unusual experiences—those of an adventurous young couple who lived for nearly a year among the Indians of New Mexico, with their dark magic and cruel rites. “Then follows (we read) a reckless journey in an unreliable car through the colossal beauty of the New Mexican and Arizona deserts, across 2000 miles of sand, to the Californian coast, and back across the continent to New York!”

There is a tradition among facetious humanitarians that exponents of blood sports are wont to say, one unto



POINTS ALEXANDRA AND MARGHERITA (BOTH ABOUT 16,800 FT.) SCALED BY THE BELGIAN EXPEDITION TO THE RUWENZORI REGION: THE TWIN SUMMITS OF THE MOUNTAIN; AND (IN THE FOREGROUND) THE OUTFLOW OF A LAKE.

These photographs were taken during the Belgian scientific mission, under Comte Xavier de Grunne, to Mt. Ruwenzori, on the borders of Uganda and the Belgian Congo. The climbing party have since scaled the twin summits, Points Alexandra and Margherita (previously ascended by the Duke of the Abruzzi in 1906) as well as several virgin peaks. A message from the expedition published on August 12 stated that their Camp 5 was established at an altitude of 13,779 ft. in the region of groundsel (*senecion*) and lobelias, as the base camp for explorations, and a sixth (and last) camp on the actual glacier at a height of 14,107 ft. It is interesting to compare these photographs with that of Mt. Kenya (17,010 ft.),

by Mr. Marcuswell Maxwell, given in colour on another page.

The Glory of Kenya: A Giant Mountain on the Equator.

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. MARCUSWELL MAXWELL. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



THE TWIN PEAKS OF KENYA MOUNTAIN—NELION AND BATIAN: A PANORAMA ACROSS THE FOREST BELT, TAKEN FROM ONE OF THE HIGHEST FARMS ON THE MOUNTAIN SLOPES.

Mr. Marcuswell Maxwell, famous for his wonderful photographs of African big game in their native haunts, many of which have appeared in our pages, in colour and otherwise, here proves himself equally skilled in the portrayal of landscape. His descriptive note on the above picture states: "Nelson and Batian, the twin peaks of Kenya Mountain, are shown photographed from a glade on one of the highest farms on its slopes. The boundaries of this farm, owned by Sir Piers Mostyn, march with the bamboo forest belt which encircles the mountain. This forest is almost impenetrable, except by the numerous paths made by elephants

and its other wild inhabitants. Kenya Mountain, through the centre of which the Equator passes, rises to just over 17,000 feet." Africa's highest mountain, Kilimanjaro, is 19,710 ft., and the peaks of Ruwenzori, Points Margherita and Alexandra, recently scaled by a Belgian scientific expedition, are both about 16,800 ft. In the "South and East Africa Year-Book" we read: "Mount Kenya, which gives its name to the Colony, is a snow-clad mountain . . . which, on a clear day, is visible from Nairobi (a distance of about 90 miles). The summit was reached for the first time by Sir Halford Mackinder in 1899."



A "TWO-YEAR-OLD" PORTRAIT: PRINCESS MARGARET ROSE WITH HER ELDER SISTER, PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth Alexandra Mary, elder daughter of the Duke and Duchess of York, was born on April 21, 1926. Her sister, H.R.H. Princess Margaret Rose, was born on August 21, 1930. We may recall that, on the occasion of the latter's first birthday, we gave a similar portrait-group of the two little Princesses on a double-page, in colour, in our issue of August 22, 1931. We now give her second-birthday portrait. In this picture, the growing likeness between them is very apparent.

AFTER THE PORTRAIT-STUDY BY MARCUS ADAMS. (COPYRIGHT.)

GUINNESS

FOR STRENGTH



COMPARISONS TO TRACE FAMILY LIKENESS IN ROYAL CHILDHOOD.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT ONE YEAR OLD: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1895.



THE DUKE OF YORK AT ONE YEAR OLD: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1896.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH AT FIFTEEN MONTHS: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1927.



PRINCESS MARGARET ROSE AGED ONE: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN LAST YEAR.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE AGE OF TWO: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1896.



THE DUKE OF YORK AT THE AGE OF TWO: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1897.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH AT THE AGE OF TWO: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1928.



PRINCESS MARGARET ROSE AGED TWO: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN THIS MONTH.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AGED ABOUT SIX: AN EARLY PHOTOGRAPH.



THE DUKE OF YORK AT THE AGE OF SIX: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1901.



THE DUCHESS OF YORK AT THE AGE OF SIX: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1906.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH AGED SIX: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN LAST APRIL.

In view of the fact that Princess Margaret Rose, the younger daughter of the Duke and Duchess of York, born on August 21, 1930, has recently attained her second birthday, we are publishing in this number (as we did also on the occasion of her first birthday last year) a double-page portrait-group in colour showing the little Princess with her elder sister, Princess Elizabeth, who was born on April 21, 1926. Princess Margaret Rose is, of course, the youngest grandchild of the King and Queen. The colour picture brings out a strong resemblance between the two sisters, and we have thought it an interesting opportunity to trace this royal family likeness in childhood to the preceding generation. Accordingly we have placed together on this page (in the two upper rows) portraits of Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose, at the ages of one

and two respectively, alongside early photographs of their father, the Duke of York, and of their uncle, the Prince of Wales, taken at the same ages. The likeness of Princess Margaret Rose to Princess Elizabeth comes out most strongly, perhaps, in the portraits of them taken at the age of two. Both have fair curly hair and blue eyes. As Princess Elizabeth is now aged six years and four months, we give in the lower row a recent portrait of her (the head from the above-mentioned coloured picture) beside early portraits of her parents and the Prince of Wales showing them as they appeared at about the same age. The Duchess of York (formerly Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon), youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore, was born on August 4, 1900, and married the Duke on April 26, 1923. She was about six when she first met him.

THE PRINCES WITH THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET:



AFTER HIS ADVENTUROUS FLIGHT, WHEN HE WAS CUT OFF FOR A TIME FROM THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER BY FOG: PRINCE GEORGE (ON THE RIGHT) WITH HIS PILOT ON BOARD THE "GLORIOUS."



THE ENORMOUS LANDING-DECK OF THE "GLORIOUS" TURNED INTO A FLOATING PARADE-GROUND, ON WHICH THE PRINCE OF WALES INSPECTED THE CREW AND AIRMEN: THE PRINCE (IN WHITE SUN-HELMET—RIGHT CENTRE) PASSING THROUGH THE FRONT RANK.



PRINCE GEORGE'S RETURN FROM HIS AIR ADVENTURE IN A FOG: THE LANDING PARTY ABOARD THE "GLORIOUS" RUNNING TOWARDS HIS MACHINE, WHICH HAS JUST FLOWN OUT OF THE MIST WHICH FOR SOME TIME CUT THE AEROPLANES OFF FROM THEIR PARENT SHIP.

The Prince of Wales and Prince George reached Corfu on August 13 from Venice. The Mediterranean Fleet, consisting of forty-five units, had arrived there previously. After the Princes had completed their tour of inspection, they remained with the Fleet when it left, on August 16, to engage in various exercises. These included a destroyer attack, a demonstration of anti-aircraft firing, and an air attack. On this occasion the Prince of Wales and Prince George went up from the aircraft-carrier "Glorious" in separate aeroplanes to watch the attack. But immediately afterwards a

sudden fog developed. The Prince of Wales's pilot landed a few seconds before the "Glorious" was blotted out by fog, but Prince George's machine and all the others were unable to get back to the hidden ship. They could be heard circling round overhead, above the noise of the aircraft-carrier's siren. Some of the pilots searched for a gap in the fog, and when one was found they wirelessed to the "Glorious" to steam to it. After three-quarters of an hour it cleared sufficiently to enable Prince George's machine to alight on the landing-deck, and the other aeroplanes quickly followed.

A ROYAL AVIATOR FOG-BOUND.



THE PRINCE OF WALES CLOSELY INTERESTED IN THE EXERCISES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET: H.R.H. AT THE BINOCULARS, WITH LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN (LEFT), ABOARD THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH."



THE PRINCE OF WALES GOES UP FROM AN AIRCRAFT-CARRIER: HIS MACHINE (A FAIREY III F) LEAVING THE DECK OF THE "GLORIOUS," FLYING A VICE-ADMIRAL'S FLAG ON HER STARBOARD STRUT AND AN AIR-MARSHAL'S FLAG ON HER PORT STRUT.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



SIR H. L. STEPHENSON.

Appointed Governor of Burma in succession to Sir Charles Innes. Recently retired from Governorship of Bihar and Orissa, having begun his service in India in 1895. Acting Governor, Bengal, 1926.



DR. JOHANN SCHÖBER.

Twice Chancellor of Austria; died August 19. A police officer under the Imperial Government; guarded King Edward at Marienbad. Freed Austria from her reparations *liens* at the Hague Conference, 1930.



PROF. E. S. PRIOR, A.R.A.

Slade Professor of Fine Art at Cambridge. Died Aug. 19; aged eighty. Well-known architect, and a pupil of Norman Shaw. Author of "History of Gothic Architecture in England."



SIR WILLIAM CLEGG.

Died Aug. 22; aged eighty. Well-known Sheffield figure, member of the City Council for forty years, and Lord Mayor, 1898. As a solicitor defended Charles Peace, the notorious criminal.



VICE-ADMIRAL L. G. PRESTON.

Appointed Commandant, Imperial Defence College, in succession to Air-Marshal Sir Robert Brooke-Popham. Rendered valuable service in mine-sweeping during the war. Fourth Sea Lord since 1930.



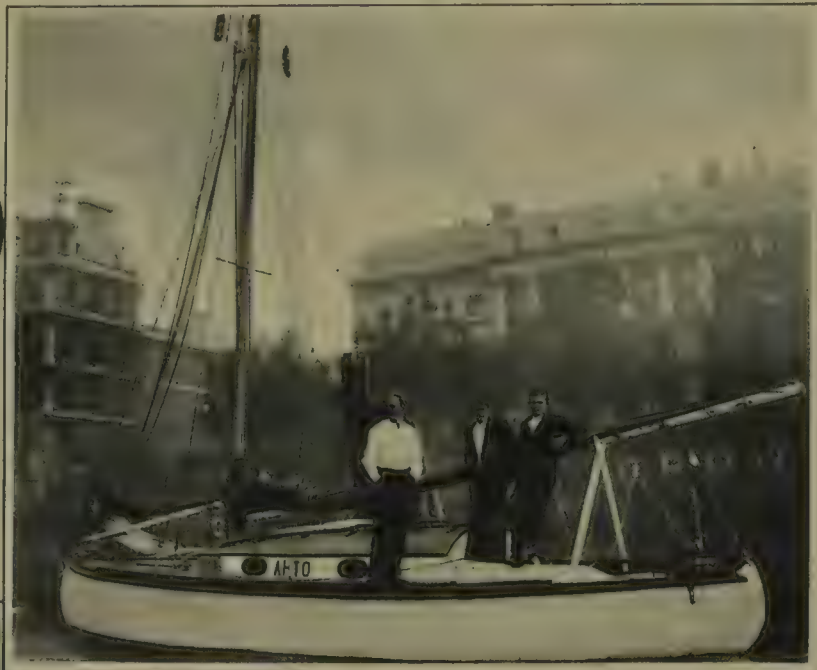
ADMIRAL ZENKER.

In command of a German battle-cruiser at Jutland. Died Aug. 18. In command of the naval forces in the North Sea, 1920-23. Chief of Naval Direction at the Defence Ministry, 1924-28.



THE ITALIAN CREW OF FIVE WHO ROWED MOST OF THE WAY FROM PAVIA TO ENGLAND, ARRIVING OFF GRAVESEND ON THEIR WAY TO OXFORD.

Five Italians who were rowing to Oxford in an open racing boat arrived in Ramsgate Harbour on the evening of August 20 from Calais. They had encountered choppy seas and their boat was almost waterlogged. Later they proceeded up the mouth of the Thames. They left Pavia on July 31, and made their way into Switzerland through Lake Maggiore. From thence to Calais their journey was made partly by river and canal, and partly by railway.



A 2½-TON YACHT WHICH HAS CROSSED THE ATLANTIC AND JUST RETURNED: THE "AHTO," WITH HER ESTHONIAN OWNERS, IN THE THAMES.

The yacht illustrated here, and owned by three young Esthonians who cannot obtain work at home, sailed up the Thames on August 17 after a 37-day voyage from New York. Its length is stated to be 28 ft. and its tonnage 2½. The crew of three sailed to America by way of the Cape Verde Islands and returned by the Northern route. They have no engine, and sailed by compass.

AN ANNUAL
IRISH
CELEBRATION
FROM WHICH
FREE STATE
MINISTERS WERE
ABSENT: LAYING
WREATHS ON
THE GRAVES OF
MICHAEL COLLINS,
GRIFFITH, AND
O'HIGGINS AT
GLASNEVIN.

Free State Ministers took no part in the annual march to Glasnevin and in the procession past the cenotaph of Michael Collins, Arthur Griffith, and Kevin O'Higgins in Leinster Lawn on August 21. The newly formed "Army Comrades Association," however (nick-named the "White Army"), was very much in evidence.



ROYAL CHILDREN GOING FOR A HOLIDAY IN SCOTLAND: PRINCESS MARGARET ROSE AND HER ELDER SISTER AT BALLATER STATION.

It was announced on August 19 that the Duke and Duchess of York, with Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose, had left London for Birkhall, Ballater. Princess Margaret Rose celebrated her second birthday on August 21, and in connection with this occasion a charming colour photograph of the two sisters will be found reproduced on a double-page of this issue.



FROM PRISON TO ENTHUSIASTIC HOME-COMING: VILLAGERS AND TENANTS DRAGGING LORD KYLSANT IN HIS CAR UP TO HIS HOUSE AT COOMB.

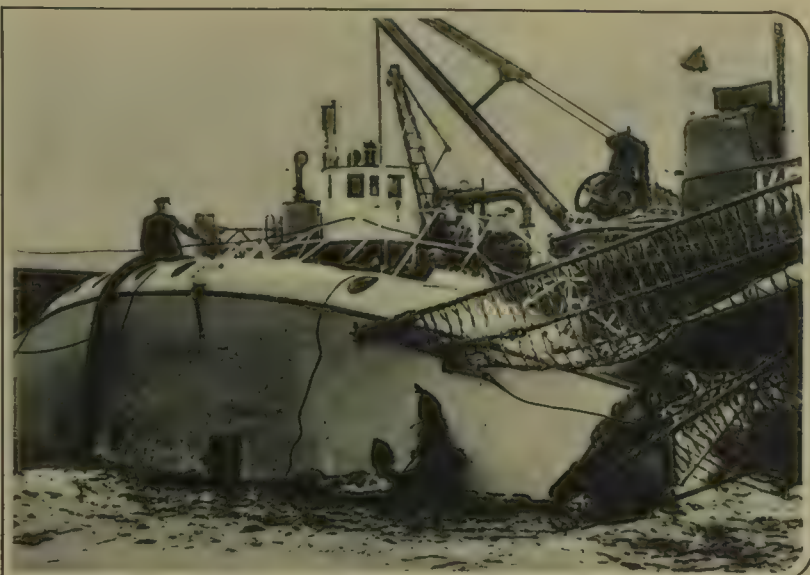
Lord Kysant, who had been serving a sentence, was released from Wormwood Scrubs on August 18. On his arrival at Coomb, his Carmarthenshire seat, the car was drawn by forty men at a running pace for about a quarter of a mile to the entrance of the house. An arch of evergreen had been built over the gates by the Vicar of Llanybri with the help of some tenants. A vivid red sign bore the inscription "Welcome."

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: NEWS OF THE WEEK IN PICTURES.



THE RAISING OF THE GERMAN TRAINING-SHIP "NIOBE": THE TANGLE OF WRECKAGE ON THE ILL-FATED SHIP'S DECK.

It was announced on August 19 that the German training-ship "Niobe," which capsized so tragically in the Baltic on July 26, with the loss of sixty-nine lives, had been raised and brought to Kiel Fiord and was having the water pumped out so that she might ride on an even keel. After the divers had succeeded in locating the wreck, steel cables were placed under it and connected with the salvage ship "Hiev." The "Hiev," which is provided with powerful cranes,



THE "NIOBE" PARTIALLY RAISED: THE TRAGIC FIGUREHEAD OF THE MOTHER WEeping FOR HER SONS SHOWING ABOVE WATER (RIGHT FOREGROUND).

was able to raise the wreck from the bottom, and towed by a powerful tug, to bring it, under water, into Kiel Fiord. Thence she was gradually lifted into shallow water. Black-clothed women-folk and relatives of the "Niobe's" dead assembled to watch the work of salvage from the shore. Thirty-four dead were recovered, and it was thought that no more would be found—so that thirty-five of the "Niobe's" victims were drowned in the open sea.



"WHITEHALL," WHICH THE S.P.A.B. IS SEEKING TO PRESERVE BY MAKING IT KEEP ITSELF: A SHREWSBURY GEM OF SIXTEENTH-CENTURY DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.

The Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings has recently bought "Whitehall," the old house illustrated, which dates from 1581 and is one of the finest houses in Shrewsbury. It is still essential, however, that the place should keep itself. Its beauties include an octagonal columbarium of Elizabethan brick, with a fine arcaded cornice. "Whitehall," it should be noted, has two bath-rooms, modern sanitation, and central heating.



THE OPENING OF THE NEW WELAND CANAL: THE "LEMOYNE," THE LARGEST GRAIN-CARRYING SHIP AND THE FIRST TO PASS THROUGH.

Under some illustrations of the New Welland Canal, linking Lakes Erie and Ontario, reproduced in our issue of August 13, we noted that the new canal was formally opened by Lord Bessborough on August 6. The potential significance of the canal to world and Empire trade was symbolised by the passage on August 6 of the "Lemoine," the largest grain-carrier in the world, which proceeded slowly down the waterway past cheering crowds.



A REGIMENTAL SERVICE BROADCAST TO BURMA: THE BUFFS AT CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL—THE COLOUR PARTY, WITH FIXED BAYONETS, IN RIGHT FOREGROUND.

The Buffs (East Kent Regiment) attended, on Sunday, August 21, in Canterbury Cathedral, the annual commemoration service for over 6000 comrades killed in the war. The old Colours of the 1st Battalion, borne by a Colour Party with fixed bayonets, were deposited in the Cathedral, to be hung in the Warriors' Chapel. The service was specially broadcast by the B.B.C. to Burma, for the benefit of the 1st Battalion, now stationed near Rangoon.



THE KING'S VISIT TO SCOTLAND: HIS MAJESTY GREETING MAGISTRATES OF ABERDEEN AT THE STATION—AN INCIDENT OF THE ROYAL JOURNEY TO BALMORAL.

The King and Queen arrived at Ballater Station, for Balmoral Castle, on the evening of August 22, having left Harewood House early in the morning. Lord Aberdeen and Temair welcomed their Majesties, and Lady Aberdeen presented the Queen with a bouquet. At Aberdeen, where a brief halt was made before the royal train proceeded to Ballater, his Majesty shook hands and talked for a few moments with the Lord Provost, magistrates, and the chief constable of the city.

TRAINING WITH WOODEN GUNS AND TOYS: DEVICES EMPLOYED BY THE REICHSWEHR.



SECRETS OF THE FORMIDABLE PATTERN OF BABY-TANK ADOPTED BY THE REICHSWEHR, WHICH IS REMARKABLE BOTH FOR ITS SPEED AND LIGHT WEIGHT! A CHASSIS READY FOR ITS CARDBOARD SIDES, TRACKS, AND TURRET.



NOT A MENACING FORMATION OF ARMoured CARS MANNED BY THE REICHSWEHR—BUT CARDBOARD DUMMIES MOUNTED ON MOTOR-CAR CHASSIS—



BY THE REICHSWEHR—BUT CARDBOARD DUMMIES MOUNTED ON MOTOR-CAR CHASSIS—



LOADING A WOODEN ANTI-TANK GUN WITH BLANK CARTRIDGE: A DUMMY WHICH HAS NONE THE LESS SIGHTS AND ELEVATING GEAR THAT ARE VERY BUSINESS-LIKE IN APPEARANCE.



AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT MACHINE-GUN CREW AT TARGET PRACTICE: FIRING AT A MOVING MODEL ON A WIRE OVER THE BARRACK-YARD, THROUGH A SPECIAL ANTI-AIRCRAFT SIGHT.

THE military situation of Germany, one of Europe's major problems, was discussed by Signor Ferrero, the distinguished Italian philosophical historian, in an article of great interest in our last number. Signor Ferrero expressed some stimulating opinions on this subject, and on disarmament in general. On this page we confine ourselves to giving the bare facts. The Preamble to Part V. of the Treaty of Versailles ran: "In order to render possible the initiation of a general limitation of the armaments of all nations, Germany undertakes strictly to observe the military, naval, and air clauses which follow." In these clauses Germany was given a period ending on March 31, 1920, to demobilise and reduce her army to a total not exceeding 100,000, including a maximum of 4000 officers. Up to the date when Germany should join the League of Nations (which she did in 1926) her armaments, munitions, and military material were strictly reduced; and after that date were only to be increased with the sanction of the Council of the League. Only voluntary enlistment was permitted, and officers, it was enjoined, must serve on the active list for at least twenty-five consecutive years; while other ranks must serve for twelve years. Consequently, as can be imagined, hopes of promotion in the Reichswehr are even less than in our own small professional army. Besides that, military and naval air forces were forbidden. The German army was limited to



ANTI-AIRCRAFT TRAINING IN AN ARMY WHICH HAS BUNCHES OF TOY BALLOONS, WHICH TAKE THE PLACE



NO AIR FORCE: A REICHSWEHR MAN HOLDING A BUNCH OF TOY BALLOONS, WHICH TAKE THE PLACE

of the duties of keeping internal order and "controlling the frontiers" of the Reich. The manufacture or importation into Germany of armoured cars, tanks, and of "all similar constructions suitable for use in war" was prohibited—and also "asphyxiating, poisonous, or other gases and all analogous liquids, materials, or devices." In these circumstances, the training regulations of the German Army are based on future possibilities rather than on its existing limitation to 100,000 men without many of the requirements of modern warfare. Mobility, manoeuvre, and surprise are the keystones of the German doctrine, which is embodied in the training manuals in such phrases as "inferiority of numbers must frequently be counterbalanced by greater mobility," and "the utilisation of darkness as a concealment for movements will play a great rôle." There are references to the free use of rail and motor transport, and indications of a tendency towards gas warfare. Such, then, is the situation of the diminutive Reichswehr—a force which Germany's well-wishers must fervently hope will always remain clear of all political and party bias; and always be capable, in the last instance, of holding the balance between belligerent organisations in the Reich and of keeping in check the enemies of public order and safety, whether they be Nazis or Communists or Reichsbanner-men. Finally, we would draw our readers' attention to the fact that the Reichswehr is not the only force which employs



HOW THE REICHSWEHR GETS ITS ANTI-TANK TRAINING—WITHOUT EITHER TANKS OR ANTI-TANK ARTILLERY: THE REGIMENTAL CARPENTER PUTTING FINISHING TOUCHES TO A WOODEN GUN.

(Continued opposite.)

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

ENGLAND ON THE SCREEN.

NO less important than the technical improvement which has been the outstanding feature of British films during the past year and a-half is the tardily adopted, but now openly acknowledged, intention on the part of some of our native producers to utilise aspects of national life, idiosyncrasies, and institutions as something more than mere backgrounds or comic relief. Looking back over a long series of often depressingly mediocre pictures, the observer cannot fail to be struck by the fact that far too much of the product of English studios has been based on stage plays of the drawing-room-cum-bedroom type of comedy or drama, on the adaptation of "thrillers" which frequently failed to thrill, or the kind of farce that depends for its effect on the individual efforts of a theatre- or music-hall-trained comedian. Very few of these films derived inspiration or any particular character from the country of their origin, and of the more spectacular productions many owed their pictorial piquancy to foreign settings. It is true that Mr. Anthony Asquith was, long ago, bold enough to cast the power-station at Lot's Road for an important part in one of his pictures; that Hyde Park, Dartmoor, and the Devonshire lanes figured prominently in "Escape"; that many pleasant glimpses of rural England have adorned more recent productions; and that the screen voice of Big Ben, and the photographed figure of Justice above the Old Bailey, are now as familiar to most provincial filmgoers as the wail of American police-sirens or the statue of Liberty. But it is equally true that it was left to Hollywood first to visualise and grasp the dramatic and atmospheric possibilities of such a peculiarly native institution as Derby Day!

That the nationalising of the work of our studios along lines that avoid any suggestion of definite propaganda would be welcome, is demonstrated by the popularity of such films as Mr. John Grierson's "Drifters," of Mr. Walter Summers' terrible and beautiful "Men Like These," and the same director's stirring "The Deeds Men Do"—the true tale of the battles of Coronel and Falkland that, first produced with the assistance of the Admiralty and the Navy League in 1927, has now been sound-synchronised and will shortly be presented in its new form. As a deliberately designed contribution towards a national cinema, British Instructional's "England Awake" was a well-intentioned, if not altogether successful effort, and "Black Diamonds," the picture of mining life produced by and with miners without expert studio assistance, carried conviction by its sincerity and complete lack of self-consciousness. Yet another significant use of local backgrounds was seen not long ago in "Hindle Wakes," in which the release of the cotton operatives to the intoxicating glamour of an authentic Blackpool was an integral factor in the development of the theme of the film.

It is, however, in the treatment of comedy subjects that English directors have, so far, made most progress in the effective use of national characteristics and tradition—the essentially British humour of "Up for the Cup," with the comic tribulations of its hero as amusing and as true to life as those of the little man of the famous cartoons; the London atmosphere and adventures of a Cockney policeman in "Jack's the Boy" (now in its ninth week at the Tivoli), with their inimitable climax at Madame Tussaud's; the football "fan" of Leslie Fuller in Mr. Thomas Bentley's "The Last Coupon"—the story of a miner who, in common with all classes of folk up and down the country, pins his hope of fortune to the correct forecasting of the winning teams, played out against North-Country small-town settings and only falling short of

verisimilitude when it forsakes simplicity for pretentiousness; Mr. Victor Saville's "Love on Wheels," in which Jack Hulbert again carries all before him as a window-dresser in a well-known (and authentic) London store, and Gordon Harker conducts a bus from Bushey to Oxford Circus.

On top of these diverting and encouraging achievements comes the announcement of the directors of London Film Productions that they are anxious that each picture made by their newly-formed company should portray a phase

in. In "Young Apollo," just completed for the same company by Miss Leontine Sagan, the distinguished director of "Mädchen in Uniform," the pivot of the story is the Oxford of to-day. Miss Sagan has spent many weeks in the city studying undergraduate life in all its phases; all the local exteriors have been "shot" on the spot, and the minutest details considered in relation to interior sets, one of which faithfully represents the great hall of a famous college. Such attempts (and there are more to come—Mr. Richard

Flaherty's picture of the Arran Islands, now in production, for example) to make of British films something that rests firmly on a foundation of racial characteristics and institutions are welcome indications that the long reign of discreet impersonality and imitation in our studios is drawing to a close. America has never been ashamed to flaunt even her national disgraces through the markets of the world; Russia has concentrated all her power of screen technique on propaganda, sublimely indifferent as to whether the lessons so mercilessly hammered home have any significance beyond her own frontiers. Between these two extremes lies a hitherto untrodden, more moderate course, to the artistic and commercial possibilities of which it would seem that our producers are at long last becoming keenly alive.

WALTER HUSTON.

It may be said that nearly every film in which Walter Huston has played since he first came prominently to the fore in "Gentlemen of the Press" has been largely dominated by his powerful personality, his expressive silences, his often sardonic humour—whether as editor, as "The Bad Man," as the Commander of a battle-ship in "The Woman from Monte Carlo," as District Attorney in "The Star Witness," as champion of the police in "Beast of the City," as the corrupt magistrate in "Justice for Sale." Yet there have been at least three other pictures in which the expected and generally accepted Walter Huston has completely disappeared, and been re-

placed by characters so different from each other, and so at variance with the actor's usual portrayals, as to be almost startling. One of these was "A House Divided," a sombre story of the rivalry between father and son for the love of a girl. The feud resulted in a fight which crippled the elder man. The resented immobility, the brooding, inarticulate jealousy, and final self-sacrifice of the helpless man were depicted by the actor with deep insight and arresting force. Prior to this there had been his "Abraham Lincoln" (the first talking-film directed by D. W. Griffith), a study that revealed both the power and the humanity of the great statesman through all the stages of adolescent

idealism to the pinnacle of political obsession and achievement. Even more interesting than these two fine impersonations is his later performance in "The Wet Parade" (to be released early in September), in which he plays the part of a shiftless, drink-loving hotel proprietor who, caught between the upper and nether millstones of Prohibition law and bootlegging custom, kills his wife when she deprives him of his ill-gotten liquor and is condemned to the penitentiary for life. From the very beginning, when, his outward appearance and bearing so changed as to render him momentarily unrecognisable, Walter Huston's portrayal of specious cunning and increasing physical and mental degradation is a most remarkable piece of work. At the tragic end his acting is unforgettable, and the whole performance is the more impressive when this penetrating, cruel study of essential weakness is compared with the "strong man" parts in which we have hitherto been accustomed to see him.



AUTHENTIC ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE AS THE SETTING FOR A FILM VERSION OF AN ENGLISH NOVEL: A SCENE FROM "SALLY BISHOP" BEING MADE NEAR BEACONSFIELD—SHOWING THE TWO PLAYERS (MISS JOAN BARRY AND MR. ANTHONY BUSHELL); SCREENS FOR REFLECTING SUNLIGHT; THE MICROPHONE ON A "FISHING-ROD"; AND, IN THE FOREGROUND, A DIRECTOR AND HIS STAFF.

"Sally Bishop" is a film based on Mr. Temple Thurston's well-known book. The principals (seen here) are Joan Barry and Anthony Bushell; the latter having come from Hollywood to England for the first time to play lead in this film. The filming is taking place on Aston Hill, near Beaconsfield.

of national life. As a result of this praiseworthy intention, their first film, "Wedding Rehearsal" (which will shortly have its West-End premiere), has scenes set in a Fleet Street newspaper office, in connection with which great pains have been taken to ensure accuracy. The picture also "features" the beautiful, semi-private little country station of Cole Green—through which no trains pass on Sundays, and which, together with a passenger train, was lent by the London and North Eastern Railway Company on one of these officially trafficless days—as well as the changing of the Guard at St. James's Palace. All these scenes are essential to the plot and are in no sense "padded"



NELSON'S "VICTORY" AS THE SETTING FOR A FILM OF A NAVAL ACTION IN HIS DAY: AN AUTHENTIC HISTORICAL BACKGROUND FOR A BRITISH NAVAL PICTURE—WITH A SCENE IN PROGRESS.

This is a scene from a film now being made dealing with the efficiency of the Navy and with its traditions. The above incident is shown being filmed on board the "Victory" at Portsmouth, and the guns are said to be the actual pieces that were used at Trafalgar, while the procedure and gun drill and uniforms of the actors are correct in every detail.

A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF AN 18TH-DYNASTY EGYPTIAN QUEEN.

REPRODUCED FROM "THE TOMB OF QUEEN MERYET-AMUN AT THEBES." BY H. E. WINLOCK. BY COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK. (SEE FURTHER ILLUSTRATIONS AND DESCRIPTION ON PAGES 322 AND 323.)



THE HEAD CARVED ON THE SECOND COFFIN OF QUEEN MERYET-AMUN, SAID TO BE A DAUGHTER OF THE GREAT PHARAOH, THUTMOSE III., AND WIFE OF AMEN-HOTPE II.

This beautiful example of ancient Egyptian art is fully described in "The Tomb of Meryet-Amun at Thebes," by H. E. Winlock, who discovered and excavated the tomb of this 18th-Dynasty Queen. "It is possible," he writes, "that the face was to be seen in the naked wood, without paint or gilding, for it is finished with a delightfully smooth, soft surface as delicate as the skin it represented. The eyeballs are alabaster and the pupils obsidian; the original eyebrows, eyelids, and stripes at the outer corners of the lids—all stolen by the thieves (*i.e.*, in antiquity)—were doubtless of blue glass, as restored after the robbery. The features are modelled with remarkable subtlety. From the profile, especially, one gathers the impression that we have here a faithful and life-like portrait, but it is equally possible that it is an unusually masterly example of the

conventional portrait typical of the period. The wig is carved with sunken chevrons conventionally representing braided hair, and the arms and breast with scales representing feathering. The sunken areas still contain plaster bearing the impress of inlays, and the raised areas between them still show the impression and, here and there, an actual scrap, of the linen backing for gesso. That this gesso was originally covered with thin gold leaf can be inferred from the existence of minute flakes of gold adhering in a few places, and from the fact that the 21st Dynasty restorers painted all of the raised parts yellow. The inlays were probably glass, and that they were blue. . . . seems obvious from the fact that the sunken areas were so painted in the restoration." The second coffin is the middle one of three "nested" coffins of anthropoid shape.

A QUEEN'S MUMMY WITH FALSE HAIR; INK LINEN MARKS; AND BEER FROM ANCIENT EGYPT: ROYAL RELICS OF GREAT HUMAN INTEREST.



1. THE MUMMIFIED HEAD OF QUEEN MERYET-AMUN, WITH THE BLACK RESINOUS PASTE REMOVED ENTIRELY FROM THE FACE AND PARTLY FROM THE HAIR: A PROFILE VIEW.

2. contain a catalogue of the burial furniture and other objects, an anatomical description of Meryet-Amun's body, and details of the re-wrapping of the mummy. The illustrations include line drawings and plates in colotype, the latter by Max Jaffé, of Vienna. We append notes, drawn from the volume, on the objects here shown, numbered according to the illustrations. (1-4) "At the time of her death, Meryet-Amun was about fifty, short, slender, with a delicately formed figure. Her head was large. Her hair was wavy, brown, and without a trace of grey. To pad it out to the fullness fashionable in her day she had it fastened into innumerable

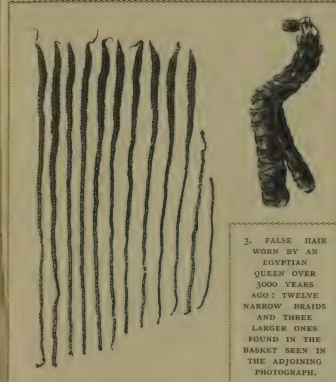
(Continued in Box 3.)

AN Egyptian royal tomb of the 18th Dynasty is the subject of "The Tomb of Queen Meryet-Amun at Thebes," recently published by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. The author, Mr. H. E. Winlock, is the Director of the Museum and Curator of the Egyptian Department, and was the Director of the Museum's Egyptian Expedition when, in 1929, the tomb was discovered and excavated. Meryet-Amun, according to Mr. Winlock's thesis, was the daughter of the great Pharaoh Thutmose III and wife of Amen-hotep II. She died about 1440 B.C., but, as interesting evidence presented by the author shows, her burial-place was not lost sight of, for her tomb was robbed twice in the 21st Dynasty, some 400 years after her burial, and after each of these robberies the mummy was re-wrapped, the funerary equipment restored, and the tomb officially resealed. The second of these official restorations can be dated in the nineteenth year of the reign of King Ramses III, whose daughter was buried in the outer portion of the tomb. Among other topics discussed in detail in the book are the embalming of Meryet-Amun's body, the bandaging of her mummy, the work of the restorers, and remains of the funerary food, including beer.

(Continued in Box 2.)



2. THE RECIPTACLE THAT CONTAINED THE FALSE HAIR SHOWN IN THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH: A TOILET-BASKET, WITH THE LID AND SEAL CORDS IN PLACE, FROM MERYET-AMUN'S TOMB. (ABOUT HALF ACTUAL SIZE.)



3. FALSE HAIR WORN BY AN EGYPTIAN QUEEN OVER 3000 YEARS AGO: TWELVE NARROW BRAIDS AND THREE LARGER ONES FOUND IN THE BASKET SEEN IN THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH.

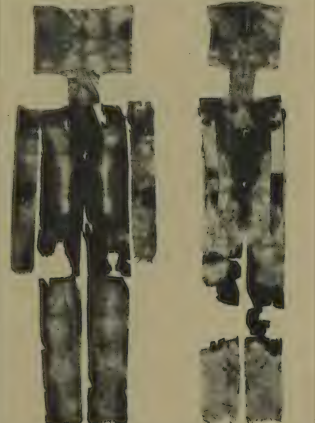
false braids and tresses of human hair, of the same colour as her own. To the back of her head (4) were attached three large plaits, apparently exactly similar to a set of three others found in a basket (2). Her face was short, and her chin slender, pointed, and slightly receding, and, as in most members of the 18th Dynasty royal family, her upper incisors projected over the lower front teeth. . . . The wrappings on the body were stripped off by the 21st Dynasty thieves. The tomb-restorers threw most of them in a heap. Others were swept up in boxes and baskets. . . . Two sheets, especially woven into crude caricatures of the human body (8) may have played some transient part in the ritual of embalming. Afterwards they were probably placed as pads among the bandages. . . . One or more chaplets were placed on the brows (9). We can identify a metal band, three strings of disk beads, a row of metal pomegranates, a row of lotus-bud pendants, and a row of pendants

(Continued in Box 4.)

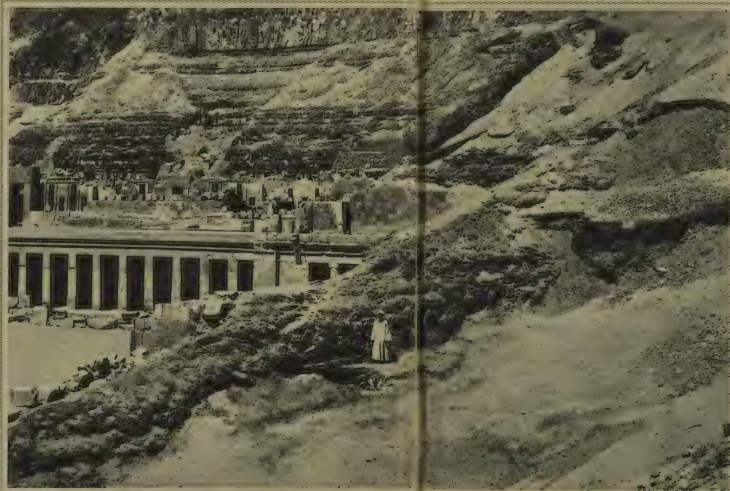


4. SHOWING THREE LARGE PLAITS OF FALSE HAIR FASTENED BEHIND, AND A MASS OF SMALLER BRAIDS AT THE SIDE: THE BACK OF THE MUMMIFIED HEAD OF QUEEN MERYET-AMUN, WITH THE BLACK RESINOUS PASTE PARTLY REMOVED.

5. simulating sprays of buds. . . . Bracelets and armlets were put on the body (5 and 6). . . . The largest jar for drinks found (12) was an amphora of red ware (54 cm. high). The handles were probably intended only for moving it short distances. For transporting to large a jar full of liquid a rope sling (12 and 13) was used. The liquid had left a residue identified as starch and yeast cells of a beer sediment. Meryet-Amun's beer was a dark beer of excellent quality, and is of great importance in the study of ancient Egyptian brewing. . . . Labels were found for incense receptacles, written in black ink on strips of coarse cloth (10). . . . Five of the sheets were labelled (11) "Linen made by the High Priest of Amun, Maasharty, justified for his father Amun in the Year 18."

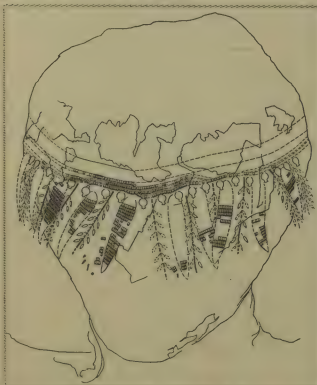


8. TWO LINEN SHEETS, OF ROUGHLY HUMAN SHAPE, POSSIBLY USED IN THE RITUAL OF EMBALMING THE QUEEN'S BODY, AND AFTERWARDS FOLDED AND PLACED AS PADS AMONG THE MUMMY BANDAGES (LENGTH 135 AND 183 CM. RESPECTIVELY).



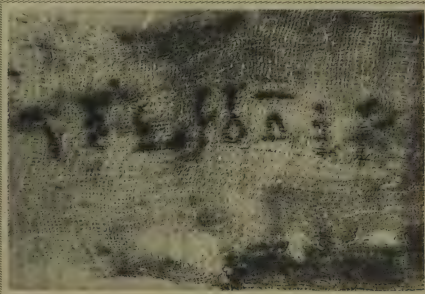
7. THE SITE OF THE TOMB OF QUEEN MERYET-AMUN IN THE ROCKY CLIFFS FOREGROUND, WITH A MAN STANDING BESIDE IT, AND (IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND) THE TEMPLE OF QUEEN HAT-SHEPST, WITH ITS

NEAR THERE: THE MOUTH OF THE PIT (IN THE CENTRE GROUND) THE END OF THE NORTH COLONNADE OF THE UPPER TERRACES BEYOND.

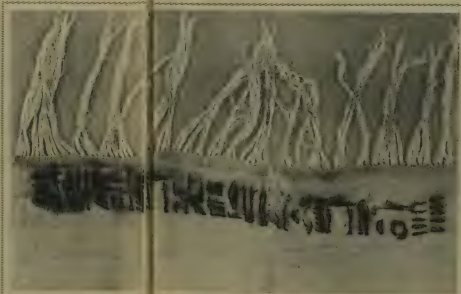


9. IMPRESSIONS OF CHAPLETS (MADE OF METAL AND FAIENCE, GLASS OR STONE) FOUND ON THE MUMMY'S FOREHEAD: A DIAGRAM SHOWING DETAILS OF DESIGN AND MATERIALS.

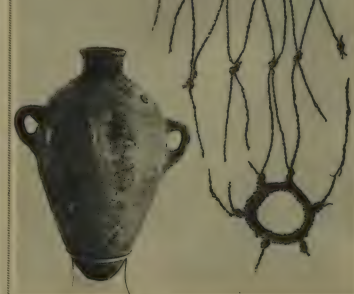
5. AND 6. ANCIENT EGYPTIAN JEWELLERY DESIGNS PRESERVED BY MUMMIFICATION: IMPRESSIONS OF THE RIGHT BRACELET IN THE RESIN AND BANDAGES ON THE RIGHT UPPER ARM (ABOVE) AND THE BRACELET ON THE LEFT WRIST (BELOW).



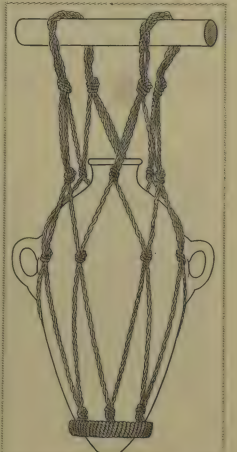
10. A LINEN LABEL FOR A JAR OF RESIN, ONE OF THE OFFERINGS USUALLY "PLACED WITH THE DEAD FOR THEIR GHOSTLY TOILETS": A PIECE OF COARSE CLOTH 8 CM. WIDE INSCRIBED IN BLACK INK "AROMATIC RESIN OF AMUN, 5 DEER"



11. THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN POTTERY AMPHORA (4 CM. HIGH), FOUND IN HER TOMB, CONTAINING SEDIMENT OF BEER YEAST: WITH A ROPE-SLING FOR CARRYING IT.



12. EVIDENCE THAT QUEEN MERYET-AMUN DRANK BEER: A LARGE POTTERY AMPHORA (4 CM. HIGH), FOUND IN HER TOMB, CONTAINING SEDIMENT OF BEER YEAST: WITH A ROPE-SLING FOR CARRYING IT.



13. HOW THE BEER-JAR (IN ADJOINING ILLUSTRATION) WAS CARRIED IN A ROPE-SLING SLUNG FROM A POLE ON TWO MEN'S SHOULDERS.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

A COLLECTION OF CHINESE SEALS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

The centre one has been photographed from the side, so as to reveal its details, but this, in use, would be set facing the observer. It is, when turned, not more than half the width of the other two, and hence, of course, less weighty—in fact, a not inconvenient size for taking home at night, so that, if anyone should steal its fellows, the set would be incomplete and the pair useless without the third.

The remaining examples were made for personal use—some possess the seal characters already cut,

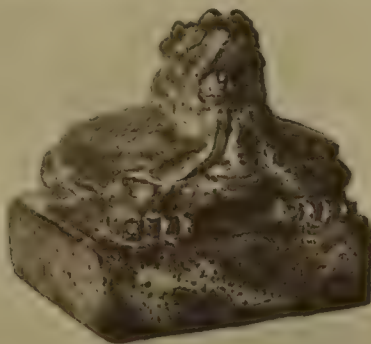
being and made himself worthy of sainthood by a life of piety and renunciation. (The other members of the hierarchy are of supernatural origin—Maitreya was human.) There was once, in the Sung period, a priest named Pu Tai, who was regarded as an incarnation of Maitreya, and later generations produced caricature after caricature of this holy man, until he came to be represented as the jolly worldling of the figure already described and identified with the god of prosperity.

Two soapstone creatures (one of which is seen in Fig. 2—right), are, of course, two of the lions (miscalled *kylins* by the trade) which are such familiar figures in pottery or porcelain. In their more usual form—that is, not as seals—they were part of the furniture of the household shrine, and their huge counterparts, in bronze or stone, guarded the entrance to Buddhist temples. As a rule the female lion is resting her foot on a cub, or else the cub is climbing up her shoulder, while the male rests his paw on a ball. In this example the male is holding the ball in his claws, as if he were playing with it—a variation which I believe is rather unusual. This reminds me of a story, or, rather, of a recipe, which I make no apology for repeating.

ONE is necessarily at a loss to convey in monochrome the soft, subtle tones of jade and soapstone; it must be understood that the objects illustrated on this page depend for their effect as much upon the material of which they are made as on their form. They are a few items from a large and varied collection—the sort of specialised collection which I imagine a great many people would like to have made, had the idea occurred to them. Main roads are well enough, but the lure of a by-path is irresistible. Let us turn down it.

Seals have been important things from the beginning of history, from the cartouche of an Egyptian monarch to the Great Seal of this kingdom, and, as is to be expected, they have existed in China from time immemorial; and, as is also to be expected in the case of a people so sensitive to art, they have been the excuse for much ingenuity and astonishing technical skill. The finest thing on this page, to my mind (and incidentally the most difficult to photograph), is the burnt jade tortoise of Fig. 1 (centre), a monumental creature, set four-square on its stand, and carved out of a single block. Dr. Percival Yetts has translated the ancient seal characters carved on the under-side as "Seal of the Marquis of the Country within the Passes"—a title, he adds in a note, which is the highest but one in the scale of twenty honorific ranks instituted in the third century B.C. by the first Emperor of the Ch'in Dynasty. The title of Marquis was the only one of the five grades of nobility which existed under the Chou Dynasty to be retained when the old feudal system was abolished by the Ch'in Emperor. At the side of the seal is a little cut, and this signifies that the noble possessed no fief—he was merely a marquis without territorial rights and he resided at the capital.

Compared with this the pottery seal of Fig. 1 (left), with its incised geometrical pattern, is comparatively modern. It may date from Han times—possibly a century or so later. Of a more grotesque character, and not earlier than about 1600, are the three large seals of Fig. 2—carved in soapstone, with a delightful pattern incised on their flat sides. These may be said to represent the standard type for use by a merchant for trade-marking textiles.



1. THREE OLD CHINESE SEALS: (LEFT) A POTTERY SEAL DATING PERHAPS FROM THE HAN DYNASTY, WITH AN INCISED GEOMETRICAL PATTERN; (CENTRE) A SEAL CARVED IN BURNT JADE IN THE SHAPE OF A TORTOISE; AND (RIGHT) ONE IN SOAPSTONE DECORATED CAMEO-FASHION WITH A SAGE RIDING ON A DONKEY WITH A SMALL BOY BEHIND HIM, EXECUTED IN WHITE ON A YELLOW BACKGROUND.

The seal in the centre is engraved with the title of the "Marquis of the Country within the Passes"—one of the twenty honorific ranks instituted in China in the third century B.C., by the first Emperor of the Ch'in Dynasty.

while others are plain. There is no limit to shape or subject, except, of course, the size of the block at the disposal of the carver, and his ingenuity in adapting his pattern to the exigencies of his material is always a perpetual source of surprise. This is particularly noticeable in Fig. 1 (right), in which, from a lump of white and yellow soapstone, the artist has cut, cameo-fashion, a picture of a white sage mounted on a donkey, with a boy behind him beneath the shade of foliage against a background of yellow. A recumbent jade horse exhibits the knowledge of equine anatomy one meets at every turn in Chinese art, while popular superstitions are gracefully and humorously illustrated in several jolly little figures.

The jade carving of one of these is an extremely amusing little object, as well as an extremely competent *tour de force*. It also proves, I suggest, to what depths Chinese popular religion can sink. A gross, pot-bellied, laughing priest, obviously enjoying a not over-cultured jest, has developed from what was once a Buddhist saint—no less a personage than Maitreya, who, like the Buddha himself, was a human

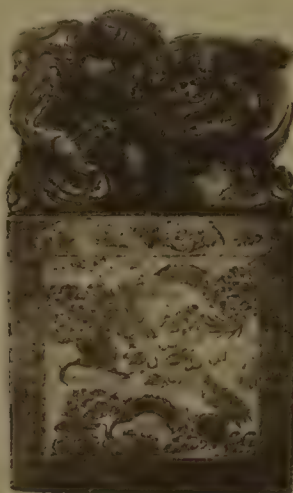


2. TWO CHARMING OLD CHINESE SEALS: (LEFT) AN EXAMPLE IN SOAPSTONE CUT WITH A PHOENIX STANDING ABOVE A LION, AND DATING FROM THE SUNG PERIOD; (RIGHT) ONE OF A PAIR IN SOAPSTONE REPRESENTING THE LIONS OF BUDDHA.

As noted on this page, lions of Buddha are often known by their trade name of *Kylins*. The above lion is the male, as indicated by the ball of wool held in his claws—a legendary convention explained in the accompanying article. The female has a cub climbing up to her shoulder.

There is the highest authority for believing that a lioness secreted milk in her pads, and that the cub could only obtain its nourishment by sucking her claws. Now, lions are playful beasts, like all felines, and if you wish to obtain their milk you must leave a ball of brightly coloured wools in their path. When they have played with this for some time the ball is soaked with milk, and can be squeezed out easily. I would also remind my readers that, whereas to us the lion is the symbol of strength and pride, to the Chinese Buddhist it was the symbol of humility—the proud beast submits to the will of Buddha, and man must do likewise.

Finally, there is the seal shown on the left of Fig. 2, a carving of very great dignity and merit, I imagine as early as the Sung Dynasty. The more one looks at this the more one is impressed by its grave simplicity. I do not pretend to explain what meaning, if any, is to be attached to this representation of a phoenix standing above a lion; I do suggest that the unknown artist has utilised a little slab of soapstone a few inches in height with the imaginative insight of a poet and the austere good taste of a great tradition.



3. AN INGENIOUS TRIPLE SEAL OF THE TYPE USED BY CHINESE MERCHANTS FOR TRADE-MARKING TEXTILES: THREE SEPARATE PIECES, WHICH GIVE THE CORRECT STAMP IF PLACED SIDE BY SIDE, BUT ARE RENDERED USELESS BY THE LOSS OR THEFT OF ANY ONE OF THEM.

The centre seal (here seen with one of its inner faces turned to the camera) is considerably narrower than either of the others. It is, in consequence, much lighter and could, for instance, be easily carried home by the owner when he closed his shop. If its fellows were stolen, the set would be useless without the third. In spite of their prosaic object, it will be observed that each of the three parts is beautifully decorated.



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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

A LEFT-HANDED CONCERTO FOR A ONE-HANDED PLAYER.

THE only real novelty of the week at the Promenade Concerts was the first performance on Tuesday of the new pianoforte concerto by Maurice Ravel for the left hand, composed especially for the Austrian one-armed pianist, Herr Paul Wittgenstein. Herr Wittgenstein lost one arm in the war, and it is a fitting testimony of the healing and paternal power of art that a French composer should have written especially for this Austrian pianist a concerto adapted to his special needs. This pianoforte concerto for the left hand by Ravel is therefore not a stunt composition, but one deliberately devised to give a one-handed pianist an opportunity to demonstrate his technical ability and his artistry. It must be said that Herr Wittgenstein made the most of his opportunity. The brilliance and sureness of his technique was equalled by the warmth and intelligence of his playing. As music, this new concerto does not add anything to our knowledge of Ravel. This composer is more remarkable for tact and skill than for profound creative vitality. Such a problem as was set him in composing a left-handed concerto is just what serves to bring out his best qualities of ingenuity and invention, and the present concerto is one of the happiest and most enjoyable examples of his cleverness and virtuosity.

The rest of the programme was also made up chiefly of French music, Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique" and his too rarely heard "Beatrice and Benedict" overtures being the principal items. Berlioz's symphony was played with more liveliness than precision, but it was good to have the opportunity of hearing this undying work at a Promenade concert, because the promenaders do not often get the chance of hearing it. There are still musicians and critics who describe the "Symphonie Fantastique" as the "worst symphony to survive for a hundred years," but the fact that every time this work is played with sympathy it has a tremendous effect shows that the quality of life does, not reside in formal perfection, and that what makes a work of art live is something more mysterious, more like life itself than any conformity with principles of excellence, beauty, or design. The "Symphonie Fantastique" embodies the French romantic movement of the early nineteenth century in music. In its exquisite

sentiment, its feeling for nature (the thunderstorm in this symphony stands with that of Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony as the most beautiful expression of a natural phenomenon in music), and its macabre dramatic sense, exemplified in the always terrifying "March to the Scaffold," Berlioz's symphony is unique in music. I prophesy that it is likely to endure long after many of the symphonies which have been written since have been forgotten, and its survival will be due not to the presence or absence of formal perfection, but to its unique quality, which is Berlioz's own secret. Could a single movement of the symphony be ascribed to any other composer than Berlioz? There is hardly a bar which is not stamped with his unique personality, and if this is not creation individual and permanent, I do not know what is.

HOT WORK AT THE "PROMS."

It is no joke playing these enormous programmes of serious music at the Promenades during such a heat wave as we have just experienced. But I am glad to see that it does not diminish the audiences or the efficiency of the orchestra. The Brahms programme on Wednesday night drew a crowded house of enthusiasts who enjoyed in sweltering heat, in spite of persons being carried out fainting from time to time by the efficient staff on all sides, a concert including Brahms, Haydn Variations, the Double Concerto for Violin and 'Cello, and the C minor symphony. The Variations on Haydn's lovely "St. Anthony Chorals"—claimed by some to be the most beautiful tune ever written—is one of Brahms's happiest pieces. Here his fine workmanship and exquisite sensibility are at their best, and he shows us his love of Haydn's theme and his appreciation of its beauty by a succession of sensitive variations, which are strictly in the nature of appreciations, as though one were showing every facet of a beautiful jewel for proper consideration. The double concerto was well played by Miss Ollen Pernel and Mr. Lauri Kennedy, although the ensemble work between the two soloists might have been less perfunctory. Miss Pernel is a welcome addition to our list of violinists. It is an instrument that we are not particularly strong in at the moment. One of our best native violinists, Miss Isolde Menges, does not figure in the Promenade programmes at all this year; and, with Mr. Catterall playing below his reputation, we are not left with much in the way of good violin-playing. The Schubert

programme on Thursday night seemed to draw an even bigger audience—if that were possible—than the Brahms concert the previous night. Both of Schubert's popular symphonies were played, the "Unfinished" and the C major. One must congratulate Sir Henry Wood on the liveliness and effectiveness of the orchestral playing he has maintained so far this season. It is indeed a testimony to his unflagging zeal and vitality. W. J. TURNER.

"BEHOLD, WE LIVE." AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

A TOUCH of naturalness can be a welcome change in the theatre, but it can also be overdone, as I suggest it is in Mr. John van Druten's "Behold, We Live." The play opens theatrically enough with a drunken husband threatening his wife with a wavering revolver. But the drama soon wears off when we learn that the wife would welcome death as a change from life with her husband. The husband, who must have known this already, thereupon departs to Cannes to continue an affair with another woman. A K.C. appearing on the scene suggests to the distraught wife that she should break away and lead an independent life on the private income without which no West End heroine can hope to obtain an entry into the British drama. Sarah, the wife, takes up her residence in Shepherd Market; divorces her husband, and is daily visited by the K.C., who discloses the fact that his own wife refuses to divorce him, as she had earlier promised if he ever so desired. Here, then, would have been a thrill—thirty years ago. But not these days; it seems entirely normal, to a first-night audience at least, that the heroine should "give herself" with the approval of the hero's mother, who, hating her real daughter-in-law, welcomes the pseudo one with open arms. About here, around half-past ten, the author obviously wondered how he was to stop his play from running until midnight, or even later. He ended it by a drastic device. His famous naturalistic dialogue is inadequate when dealing with Mr. Frederick Lonsdale's type of young men and women. He should stick to his "Young Woodley," "After All," and "London Wall." In these you get character. But in this play there was no attempt at characterisation. Sir Gerald du Maurier played the K.C. effectively, but on the solemn side. Miss Gertrude Lawrence, a comédienne, essayed the rôle of a tragédienne. Not so badly, but not sufficiently well to be acclaimed another Sarah Siddons.



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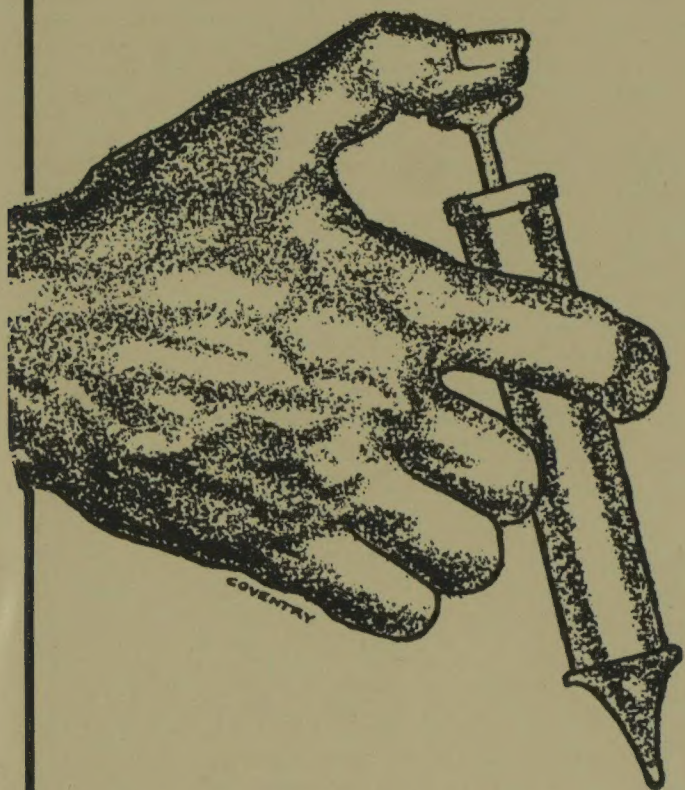
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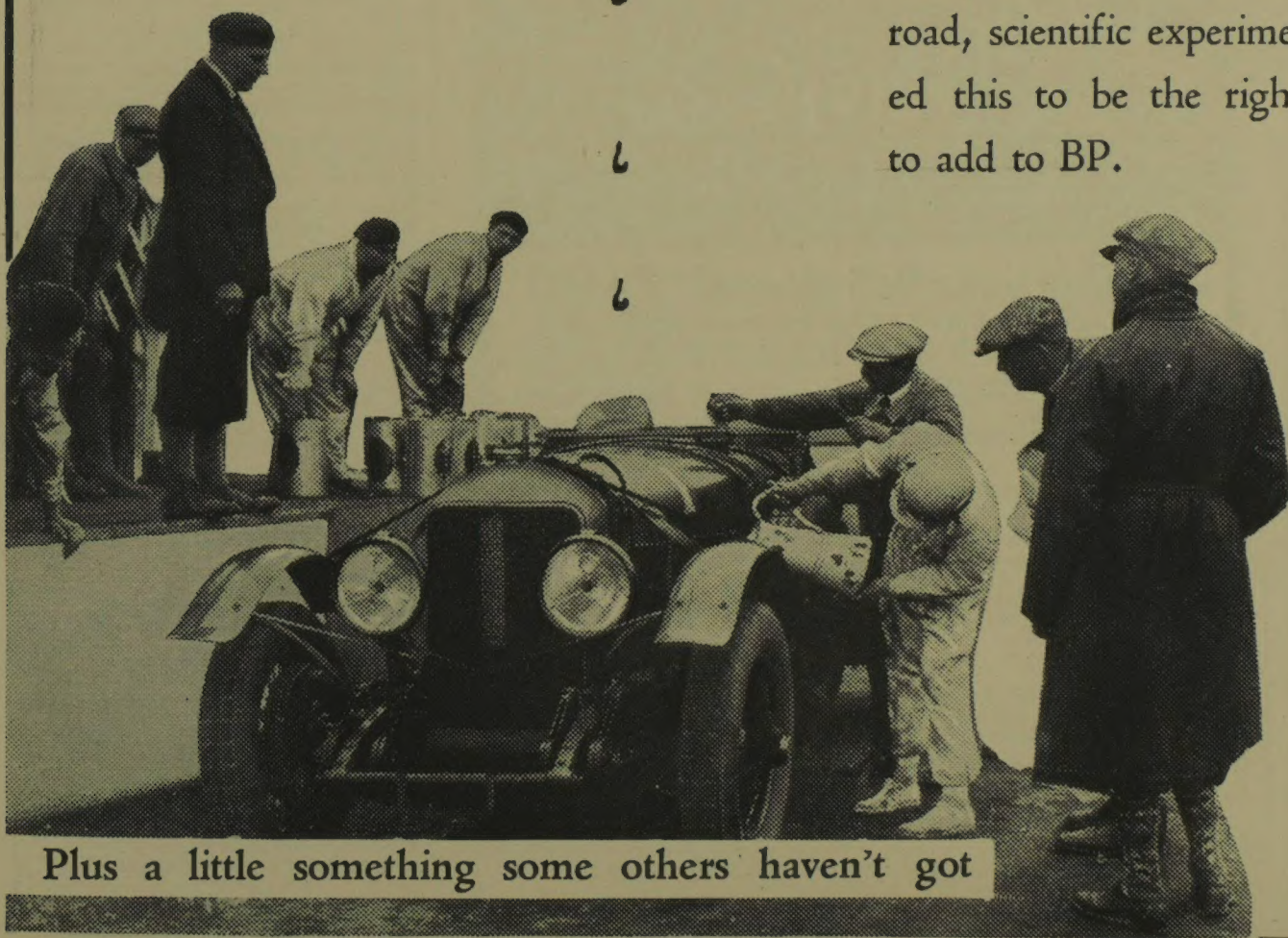


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BY H. THORNTON RUTTER.

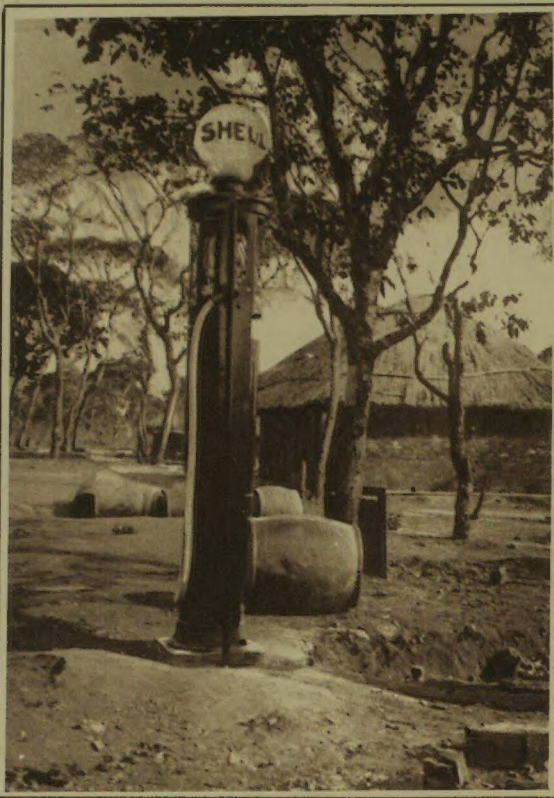
TO listen to some gossipers, motorists are a blood-thirsty lot, seeking whom they can to annihilate on the highways. This, of course, is all wrong, but unfortunately people are apt to generalise on the evidence of a few "bad eggs." How wrong are these decriers of motoring is evidenced by the official statistics, bearing out the contention of most road users, of the Royal Automobile Club and of the Automobile Association officials, that since the Road Traffic Act abolished the 20 miles speed limit for private cars, the standard of driving has improved, although the actual speed of traffic generally has increased.

The Home Office Return of Motoring Offences (England and Wales) for 1931 has been analysed on a percentage basis by the A.A. This analysis has just been completed and clearly demonstrates that the vast majority of proceedings instituted by the police were in respect of minor technicalities, having little or no bearing on the question of public safety. The A.A. analysis reveals that of the 339,144 cases reported in the twelve months, 19'014 per cent., or nearly one-fifth of the total, were in connection with lighting, such as leaving cars outside houses without the side lights being turned on or tail lights being out. These were the highest percentage. Next in point of numbers of conviction are the cases of obstruction—10'701 per cent. of the total. Driving licence offences came next with 9'166 per cent., careless driving 8 per cent., whilst excessive noise is fifth on the list with 7'704 per cent. Reckless driving was the charge in 3'867 per cent. of the cases, but the fact that the prosecutions for manslaughter and causing bodily harm constitute '019 per cent. and '007 per cent. respectively, refutes the allegations so frequently made against motorists by prejudiced parties. This also applies to the number of cases dealt with for driving whilst under the influence of drink or drugs, namely '628 per cent.

We are now approaching the end of the 1932 motor season, and are promised improved cars for 1933. One of the leading features of such improved vehicles is the increased speed available to the driver. Yet the cars do not cost any more than the "slow coaches" of last year. Consequently a faster type of car is available in the low-price market than those purchasers have been able to procure before these 1933 models were offered them. According to the

anti-motoring critics, such higher speed available will increase the danger on our roads. Yet, dangerous as prophesying is, I will wager that when another year has passed the figures will be an improvement on those quoted above as far as the cases involving public safety are concerned.

Alpine Glacier Cup Awards. No fewer than twenty-seven drivers won Glacier Cups for having a clean scoring sheet in



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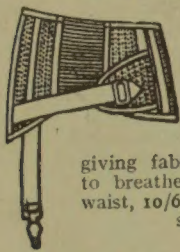
The motor-car has carried civilisation into the heart of Africa, as witness the presence of this Shell petrol pump at a remote spot in the desert of Rhodesia. It is close to Livingstone's grave, but hundreds of miles from the nearest house.

the recent International Alpine Trials. The English drivers who were successful were C. M. Needham, A. C. Lace and D. M. Healey, all on Invicta cars; C. D. Siddeley, H. E. Symons and W. F. Bradley on Armstrong-Siddeleys, W. M. Couper on a Lagonda, A. G. Gripper and H. J. Adlington on Fraser Nash, Mrs. Kathleen Martin and Miss M. Allan both driving Wolseley "Hornets," W. C. Watkinson on an M.G. "Magna" six-cylinder, C. Montague-Johnstone, J. Hobbs, G. M. D. Maltby and R. Franey on Riley "Nines," and E. W. Deeley on a Singer "Nine." Mrs. Dinsdale also, on one of the new Singer "Nine" Sports cars, the lowest-priced car in the Trials, drove throughout without any relief, so thoroughly deserved the special prize awarded her, as she only lost three penalising marks, but these stopped her from gaining a Glacier Cup. Other winners of Glacier Cups with clean scores were E. A. H. Scholten on a Lancia, Dr. Lettich on a Fiat, J. Meelen and J. Sprenger van Eyk both on Fords, H. J. Bernet and C. Kapper on Wanderers, Dr. Noll on an Austro-Daimler, R. Sauerwein and W. Delmar on Bugattis, and Dr. Elnoch on a Hanomag.

Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle), already known to the Romans as a spa on account of its sulphur springs, was the centre point of European history at the time of Charlemagne. The first Holy Roman Emperor ruled the Occidental world from here. He built here his splendid palace on whose foundations has risen the Town Hall and the Imperial Chapel, whose octagonal edifice is now the centre point of the venerable cathedral. The marble chair still remains there, in which the first Frankish Kaiser used to attend the church services and in which, thereafter, thirty-two German kings and queens used as a throne at their coronations. Gates and towers call the Middle Ages to one's mind. Aachen is one of the oldest places of culture in Germany, and is easy to reach as the railway junction of the neighbouring lands of France, Luxembourg, Holland, and Belgium. It has an international reputation for curing gout, rheumatism, and nervous diseases. The spa establishment, laid out in war-time, satisfies the most fastidious taste. A row of hotels, at whose peak stands the Quellenhof, give comfortable and cheap accommodation. Entertainment is fully catered for. The sportsman has an ideal golf course, tennis courts, and pigeon (clay) shooting. Aachen is a good jumping-off point for the neighbouring Ardennes and Eifel mountains.

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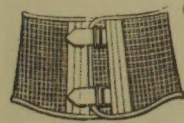
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"The elephant rolled like a boat on a wind-less ground swell, and the sun beat down like hot brass. There was neither road nor trace of human footstep. The mahout, who was more than half-asleep, allowed the elephant to choose his own way in the general direction of the rock-ribbed hills. Chullunder Ghose sat upright underneath a black umbrella, because he could not otherwise, with any comfort, hold the thing between his fat face and the sun. Larry O'Hara sat on the other side of the howdah, also upright, because anything whatever interested him. He had the kind of blue-grey eyes that only sleep at night, and even then as trigger-lightly as a watch-dog's.

"Sahib," said the babu, "we have a proverb that the hypocrite asks always for the bird, but that the valorous man asks only for the bow and arrows."

"Well, what of it?" asked O'Hara.

"This obese and talkative babu, intimidated by the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, is a Hamlet who has seen what U.S.A. Americans would call a lot of hot stuff, and a lot more cheap baloney. Life is like that: two-thirds hokum. And the other third is nearly nine-tenths stupid. Just about a tenth of one per cent. of life is hell and heaven, mixed into a drunken and beautiful madness. But that is enough. I am mad. You are mad. This elephant is mad. And so is Lalla Lingo. *Verb sap.*"

"What's wrong with the elephant?" O'Hara asked him.

"He obeys us. He could shake us off, and roll the howdah off, and run to where a hundred elephants are roaming wild and uncontaminated by a sense of duty."

"Lalla Lingo?"

"Is a man of many talents, without philosophy enough to cherish them beneath a sense of humour in the autocratic solitude he might enjoy if he were only not a propagandist. Think of



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"Look here, old girl, I've been thinking it over and if you really insist I'm prepared to do all I possibly can to help you. . . ."

All Azalea's life reluctant people, looking shame-faced, had constantly come to her and said they were ready to do something for her that previously they had sworn they would never do.

In 1909, a mere Saul among prophets, on witnessing the defeat by Azalea, aged four, of her septuagenarian grandfather (educated Eton and Balliol College, Oxford; called to the bar in 1860; Q.C. 1871; King's Bench Judge 1889; Victorian to the backbone, irascible and unbending) in a battle of wills that ended in Sir Mervyn obediently crawling on her mother's dusty drawing room carpet beneath a moth-eaten tiger-skin rug, would have predicted a masterful career for the auburn-haired imp on whose bronze eyes anger seemed to encrust a greenish patina.

Nurses, their bodies stiffened by whalebone, their wills indurated and their wits sharpened by years of conflict with nursery mutineers, either walked the plank or laid down not only their arms but their entire personalities for Azalea to trample on. Other servants—even butlers who called her the little devil in their pantries—after suffering the pressure of Azalea's thumb in silence, only maintained that sturdy independence of character, which is the British domestic's birthright, by subsequently being covertly ruder than usual to Azalea's parents. . . .

A good Society story by George Froxfield — "AZALEA ABDICATES" . . . a rather risky experiment in matrimonial strategy.

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him. He owns a village, whose inhabitants believe he is a god in an imported suit of Palm Beach reach-me-downs. It is an honour if he takes their women. It is privilege to them to build his house, and grow his corn, and bring him meat. He has his books, his European education, and an income that is ample for exotic needs. And yet he wants more. So he subsidizes murder—"

"We don't actually know that," said O'Hara

"And he subsidizes the police—"

O'Hara interrupted: "That is also something that we can't prove . . ."

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